McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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State Library

BOTH BIDDLES DEAD

PITTSBURG MURDERERS PASSED AWAY SATURDAY NIGHT. ONE DIES FROM SELF-INFLICTED PISTOL SHOT.

MRS. SOFFEL MAY RECOVER.

Monday's Era contained the following dispatch from Butler: Ed Biddle died at 11 o'clock and John Biddle at 7:30 Saturday night. Ed Biddle's lungs were filled with blood and he practically choked to death. He was unconscious most of the time after he had been shot. Mrs. Soffel underwent a surgical operation yesterday morning and rallied from it successfully, but pneumonia supervened.

The death of Jack Biddle was caused by the bullet wounds in his abdomen and bladder. Early in the day physicians thought peritonitis was the principal danger in his case, but last night internal hemorrhage set in and the man bled to death in a short while. As long as he was able Jack was extremely talkative, and was at times boastful. But as soon as the shadow of death began to fall upon him, and as he recognized it, he became repentant.

A dispatch from Butler states that Mrs. Soffel is steadily improving. It is now believed she will recover. At the investigation of the jail delivery by prison authorities information of a most sensational character was given. It was to the effect that Mrs. Soffel and Ed Biddle had long been flagrantly intimate in the jail, and that the guards were familiar with many phases of the case not generally suspected.

BRIEF STORY OF ESCAPE AND CAPTURE.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock last Thursday morning Edward and Jack Biddle, who were imprisoned in the Allegheny county jail, under sentence of death, the date for execution having been fixed for February 25 and 27, for the murder of Groceryman Kahney of Mt. Washington, while robbing his residence on April 12th last, escaped from the jail, reaching freedom through the street door of the warden's residence.

One of the Biddles feigned illness, bringing several of the guards to the cells. The guards threw off the steel rod bolting the doors and entered. One of the guards went to the hospital department for medicine. During his absence the Biddles grappled the others, thrust them behind the cell doors and shot the bolt into place. When the other guard returned they overpowered him, beat him about the head and threw him over a 16 foot railing to the corridor below, the fall fracturing his skull. They took from him a revolver and his keys, with which they opened the doors to the office, where they shot and beat the guardsman into insensibility and secured his gun and keys. They broke open the locker, secured citizens' clothing and then unlocked the door to the warden's residence, passing out through the front entrance. Mrs. Kate Soffel, wife of Warden Soffel, assisted the murderers to escape. She had become infatuated with Edward Biddle and went with them. They were followed by a large party of officers and detectives and were overtaken and captured after a desperate fight, in Butler county last Friday.

From a dispatch from Butler, dated Jan. 31, we glean the following:

John and Edward Biddle and Mrs. Peter K. Soffel, wife of the chief warden of the Allegheny county jail, who aided the desperate characters to escape yesterday morning from that institution, were captured near Mt. Chestnut this evening about 5 o'clock. Detectives McGovern, Roach and Swinhart of the Pittsburg force arrived here on the 2:45 p. m. train, and in company with another posse of Butler officers and Frank M. Holliday, who had followed them from Cooperstown and furnished the clues that led to the capture, started on the road which it was supposed they had taken. After driving to Prospect, a distance of nine miles, on arriving there a telephone message from Mt. Chestnut informed the detectives that the suspects had stopped at Stevenson's Hotel for a meal and they were just at that time hitching up. With this information the whole party turned their horses' heads in the direction of Butler. When within a short distance of Mt. Chestnut Mr. Holliday called to the Pittsburg officers, who were in the lead, to look out as there they came, as he immediately recognized the rig by the white faced horse they were driving. When within about 40 yards the detectives halted their rigs and immediately thereat the Biddles jumped out of the sleigh on either side and opened fire. Then the Pittsburgers with their Winchesters and the other detectives with revolvers opened a perfect fusilade on the murderers, dropping them to the ground. The officers then rushed in and the capture was complete. Mrs. Soffel was wounded by the onslaught and the horse wheeled with her in the sleigh and trotted down the road, but was shortly overtaken. John Biddle is undoubtedly fatally wounded and will hardly live the night through. Ed is wounded in the arm and will not cheat the gallows. Mrs. Soffel is shot in the breast just below the heart, which, from reports of the physicians, will in all probability result fatally. The rigs containing the officers with their prisoners arrived at Butler at just 6:15 p. m. A telephone message from Mt. Chestnut had announced the capture and an immense crowd gathered on the streets. The prisoners were driven to the jail and physicians were summoned, and all possible relief was given. Mrs. Soffel was shortly afterward transferred to the Butler hospital, where surgeons are now probing for the bullet. The $5,000 reward offered for the capture of the Biddles will very likely be divided between eight, the number including Mr. Holliday—who took part in the final round-up. Judge Greer is at the jail having warrants prepared putting the men in the custody of the sheriff of this county, this being done to protect the Butler officers in their claim for a share in the reward.

Elk County Murderers Captured.

A dispatch from Brockwayville dated Feb. 2, says: Miserably clad and nearly starved, Thomas Madalena and Bennie Paoli, the Italians wanted for the murder of James Hoskin, at Shawmut, Saturday, January 15, were brought to bay in a lonely wood near Crenshaw, two miles from this place, at 10 o'clock last night and captured. The two Italians have been pursued and searched for since the night of their crime and the commissioners of Elk county and the Shawmut Mining Company had offered a reward of $1,000 for their capture. Fellow countrymen, spurred by vengeance and the large reward have been scouring the country for miles in search of the fugitives. The pursuing party last night was composed of four Italians under the direction of 'Squire Thomas Keys, of this place. The murderers had been hiding in the woods since Hoskin was murdered. They tell a pitiable story of starvation and suffering. At night they would wander out from their hiding place, an old powder house, and search for food. Of the latter they found little and declared last night that they had had nothing to eat for four days and were nearly famished. They are in Ridgway jail.

We Were Trimmed.

The MINER Bowling team was defeated by the Redfield Printery team at the Athletic Club alleys Saturday night. The terms of the contest were that two games should be rolled each counting one point and the total number of pins one point. Redfield's team won both games, consequently capturing all three points and by further terms of the agreement adjourned to the Keystone cafe to partake of an oyster supper at our expense. It was a very pleasant affair—for the winners. It is not betraying any confidences to say that we rolled like doped Chinamen, that is, most of us did, but another match has been arranged and all hands will probably make larger scores. Following are the teams:

Redfield's—S. F. Redfield, Chas. Usher, M. R. Dutton, Eddy McClure and Fred Purtle.

MINER—H. L. Backus, N. H. Knapp, R. K. Knapp, H. R. Henderson and Marl Backus.

Bought By Smethport Citizens.

The sale of the Condensed Milk Company's buildings and real estate, under the order of the court in bankruptcy, with W. S. Stevens as trustee, took place on the premises Tuesday forenoon. The property was bought in by Byron D. Hamlin, of Smethport, for $18,000. Mr. Hamlin was present with his counsel, Messers. Dornan & Ormerod, and made a nominal bid of $25. The $18,000 is the extent of the mortgage Mr. Hamlin holds on the property. He says he will dispose of the factory to any one who wants it. Trustee Stevens has a complete inventory of the personal property and it is believed that sufficient will be realized from the sale to meet the claims of the farmers interested in full. The future of the enterprise cannot be told about at this time.—Coudersport Democrat.

Fire Thursday Night.

An alarm of fire Thursday night brought out the firemen into the cold, cold world about 12 o'clock. A building belonging to Thomas Fraley on Cemetery street was in flames and the run was a long, chilly one. By the time hose was laid and a hydrant opened the structure was beyond saving and eventually burned to the ground. Mr. Fraley had his household goods stored in the building and the $400 insurance will not nearly cover his loss.

Valentines at McCoy's.

The beautiful custom of sending valentines, once so popular, has threatened at times to almost entirely die out, but it is good to know that the practice is being generally revived. You can get the most beautiful creations as well as the "penny dreadfuls" at McCoy's drug store. A large well assorted stock.

Food your dog on Spratt's dog biscuits. For sale by Holmes & Gilfillan.

SNYDER IS INSANE.

Queer Actions of a Glassworker Make His Confinement Necessary.

Frank Snyder, a glass blower, who resides in Pittsburg was placed in the lock up Sunday, as his actions gave evidence of insanity. Snyder was employed in the Smethport factory all last fire and also worked here until a couple of weeks ago when he went to Shinglehouse. He worked in the Palmer plant in that place for several days until his actions became so peculiar that he was brought to Smethport Sunday last. On his arrival here he attempted to undress in Jones' livery barn and after being prevented from doing so by friends, appeared to recover from his spell and acted perfectly rational. Later in the day while at the Commercial House he suddenly thrust one of his fingers into a stove, burning the member severely. It was feared that he might do himself serious injury so he was placed in the lock-up and is cared for by friends. Snyder is a young, unmarried man and is said to have several hundred dollars in the bank. His friends have wondered at his strange actions for months, but until Sunday did not consider his condition dangerous. He will probably be taken to his home in Pittsburg.

Since the above was put in type the following is learned from yesterday's Era:

Frank Snyder, a Smethport glassworker, while in the city yesterday enroute to Pittsburg, where he will receive treatment for an affliction which has impaired his mental faculties, jumped through a second story window in the Willard hotel to the sidewalk shortly after 10 o'clock last night. He escaped with slight injuries to his right hand, and after running a short distance was caught by his brother, who had him in charge, and brought back to the hotel.

Snyder was struck on the head at Smethport on Christmas, and the injury has resulted in temporary insanity. Accompanied by his sister and brother he left on the B., R. & P. flyer this morning for Pittsburg, where he will be placed in a sanitarium.

A Strange Case.

That "the evil men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bodies," may or may not be illustrated by a little circumstance that has lately transpired at Onawa, Iowa. It all depends upon the point of view. A verdict for $6,000 in a unique breach of promise suit has been awarded in court at that place. The plaintiff was Mary Christiansen and the defendant the estate of Frank Crum, her deceased betrothed. The date finally set for their marriage did not arrive until after his death last summer, and lawyers wondered why she filed her suit for breach of promise when seemingly death alone had prevented the fulfillment of the marriage contract. The fact that Crum had promised to marry Miss Christiansen was not disputed, but she proved that he alone was responsible for not having done so. It was shown in court that he had postponed the marriage when the date had first been fixed, and that this date fell before his death. In the eyes of the jury this constituted breach of promise and she was awarded all but $1,000 of the $7,000 she asked for. It is seldom that a man is called upon to settle such a claim after he has paid the debt of nature.

The Latest Romance of the South.

In the February Ladies' Home Journal are given the first chapters of a new romance of the South, entitled "Those Days in Old Virginia." The author of this story is Miss Laura Spencer Porter, whose love stories have already attracted wide attention, and who, in this instance, presents one of the most charming pictures of the love, beauty and chivalry of the days before the war which has yet been painted in words. Not only is it painted in words, for Mr. W. L. Taylor, who spent much time in Virginia collecting material and making sketches for the illustrations, has finished a series of pictures to accompany the story which may well be said to be the best of his recent work.

Will Go to Smethport.

C. E. Martin, who has been employed in the Olmsted hardware store for the past year, has resigned his position and will leave town in about two weeks for Smethport, where he has accepted a similar one with the wholesale and retail hardware firm of Holmes & Gilfillan. Mr. Martin is a thorough business young man and a firm believer in advertising and since his connection with the Olmsted store here that store has experienced an increased trade. While his many friends here regret to see him go, they wish him and his estimable wife success in their new home.—Potter Democrat.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Give the Youngsters a Chance.

The new method of discipline recently instituted in the High School at Williamsport is a move in the right direction. Under this system every student in the higher grades is given a voice in the government of the school so far as its discipline is concerned, and works with the instructors in making rules and regulations which are deemed advisable, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. He also takes an active part in seeing that they are enforced. Though not an honor system, so-called, the pupil is given a great measure of the responsibility for his own conduct, and it is from this responsibility that telling results are expected.

This system is, it seems to us, one of the best preparations possible for useful citizenship. In too many schools of even the higher grades the pupil is tied down with rules and regulations of a teacher's making and is given absolutely no chance to show what he can do in the way of governing himself, and goes from the school poorly prepared to take his part in the government of the nation. Many, in fact the greater majority of students in the public schools go directly from their text-books into some business or trade. They have no chance after they leave school to acquaint themselves with the practical workings of the government except as it is given to them second-hand, and too often they are led into dangerous channels. Some form of discipline such as that in the Williamsport schools would in a great measure correct this fault in the education of our children.

To the many who go from school to college the system would prove of inestimable value. If such a plan was general in our public schools we think the question of rowdyism among college students would solve itself. A student who has learned to govern himself in his home-school where, to all practical intents and purposes, he is left much upon his own responsibility, would, on entering college, find little temptation in the free life of the institution where he is left to do as he pleases. The wild exuberance which many young men feel when they get where they can now do as they please would be lessened materially and the first two years which many college students spend foolishly in becoming accustomed to the new responsibility would be saved to them.

To the poor overworked teacher, also, this new system should come as a god send. Much of the worry and arduous work connected with the lives of these patient toilers would be lessened if the plan was generally adopted. We have not the slightest doubt, too, that parents would welcome such an innovation. Every man likes to think that his child is capable of accepting responsibility such as this system carries.

To some students this plan will prove of no benefit. Some must be governed with the rod, and that well laid on. Provision could be made for these. But these cases are vastly in the minority, and it is not right that the tastes and wishes of the many should be curtailed on account of the baser tendencies of the few. To every boy and girl of high ideals the petty rules of school have always been galling, and we are sure that these, of whom there are many throughout the State, would gladly welcome the adoption of some such system as this in their own schools and profit by it.

Give the youngsters a chance.

U. S. Troops to be Withdrawn.

It is the present intention to have all the United States troops withdrawn from Cuba before the new government goes into operation in that island. This looks a little risky, but perhaps it can be done safely. There was very little interest felt in Cuba in the recent election for president, but this was largely because one of the candidates, Maso, withdrew, which left the field to Palma. The withdrawal of Maso, however, showed a sullenness on the part of his supporters, and an unwillingness to recognize the Palma administration, which may mean trouble for the new president. It would seem that the United States ought to keep some troops in the island until the new republic is fairly in operation. It would be awkward for us to be compelled to send troops into Cuba to suppress insurrection against Palma. We must prevent any Central American orgies in our ward in the gulf of Mexico.

Horse Ran Away.

Tuesday morning the horse attached to Shepard & Gallup's delivery sleigh ran away. The boy who was driving attempted to turn around in front of Ames' blacksmith shop on State street when the horse "started his wild career." The boy, horse and sleigh were soon mixed up in a snow drift on Main street. The only damaged done was to the horse which was cut in several places.

A Cheerful Home

made so by a box of "The Delicious" Chocolates from the factory of The Rochester Candy Works, 407 to 418 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A fresh stock always kept by D. M. Brasted.

BIG BLIZZARDS BLOW

THE WIND AND SNOW STORM OF LAST SUNDAY AND MONDAY THE WORST IN YEARS.

LOSS OF LIFE REPORTED GREAT.

Reports from all points throughout the New England and Middle States tell of loss of life, destruction of property and delayed traffic from the severe cold and wind-driven snow. A number of shipwrecks occurred along the Atlantic coast and many lives are supposed to have been lost as bodies have been washed ashore along the sea coast of New Jersey and Long Island. Sunday night was a wild one for life saving crews.

Europe also suffered greatly from the storm.

In New York and Pennsylvania many towns were entirely snow bound from Sunday until Wednesday morning. Sunday's storm was the worst known in years in this part of the state and the wind abated but little Monday.

Smethport was isolated from the outside world Monday, not a regular train being able to make its run to or from this place. Wagon roads were blockaded in every direction and will probably not be opened for regular traffic this week. The Pennsylvania railroad trains were snow bound as were those of the Shawmut, Kushequa Route and B., R. & P. Residents were obliged to wade through drifts waist deep Sunday night and Monday morning, but snow plows and shovels finally placed the streets in fairly passable condition. The Brockway Concert Co., which was to give an entertainment here Monday night, was snowed in at Johnsonburg.

Bradford's street car service suffered from the storm and trains were unable to enter or leave the city Monday. The B. B. & K. abandoned its service completely.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1902.

The Philippine revenue bill is still before the Senate and there seems to be a concerted effort on the Democratic side of the chamber to delay its passage. What the Democrats have to gain by filibustering is not apparent unless they are hoping to embarrass Secretary Root and the Philippine commission, nevertheless that appears to be their policy. So foreign to the question have been the discussions of some of the Senators in speeches supposed to be germane to the measure that Senator Hoar recently suggested that the Senate consider the life and character of Mary Queen of Scots." Senator Lodge has not attempted to press the passage because he first desired that the Philippine committee have an opportunity of listening to such testimony as Governor Taft might have to offer. The Governor's statements have all supported the contention of the administration that peace is being rapidly established and that, with the funds necessary to carry on the public improvements required in the islands, the last vestige of the insurrection will disappear. Without the building of good roads, however, some of the brigands in the more inaccessible portions are likely to make trouble for some time to come.

The Senate has passed a bill providing for the establishment of a Department of Commerce and Labor and favorable action is expected in the House. Particularly is this assured because the House has already passed a measure making the census bureau permanent, a feature which is practically incorporated in the Senate's measure. The Republican Senators have determined upon a program for the remainder of the session which provides that the Philippine tariff bill, the isthmian canal bill, the Philippine government bill, the subsidy bill and the Cuban reciprocity bill shall be considered in the order named.

Senator Cullom recently delivered a speech setting forth his views in regard to the treaty making powers of the Senate and the executive in which he claimed that the provision in the Dingley bill relating to treaties was unconstitutional because it had a tendency to limit the powers conferred on the Senate by the constitution. An attempt was made by Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader in the House, to make trouble between the Senate and the House in regard to this matter by the appointment of a committee to investigate the powers of the Senate, but the superior judgment of the Republican leaders prevailed.

The Ways and Means Committee has determined upon the abolition of the special war taxes and the Democratic press has been industriously engaged in an attempt to place the members of the committee in a wrong light before the people. When asked for an interview on the subject, Chairman Payne handed to your correspondent a statement which is too long for reproduction here, but which says, in part, that the committee has no thought of disposing of the Cuban question by reporting in favor of the reduction of the war taxes, that the committee had had no conference of the Cuban matter, and that "the bill to reduce war revenue taxes was taken up because it was the sentiment of the committee that the burdens resting upon our people should be lightened before we turned our attention to lightening the burden of other people." Mr. Payne further assures me that the Cuban matter will receive full and careful consideration before a decision is reached and that it will be considered at an early date.

Congressman John F. Lacey of Iowa, chairman of the committee on Public Lands, gives me the following explanation of his bill, introduced to carry out the suggestion made in the President's message in regard to forest reserves: "In an opinion given by the Attorney General, January 3, 1902, he holds that Congress has practically unlimited jurisdiction for all purposes over the forest reserves, even where they are situated in a state. The bill, following the lines of the opinion of the Attorney General, provides first: That the forest reserves may be transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture by an executive order of the President, but inasmuch as the boundaries of many of these reserves are in controversy only such reserves are to be transferred as the Secretary of the Interior and the Director of the Geological Survey will certify to have had their boundaries substantially settled. The President is to be authorized to set apart such forest reserves or parts thereof as he may deem proper for fish and game preserves, but if the reserve is wholly in one state, the President shall not make such order until the Governor of the State shall, in writing, ask for it. In the territories he can create such game preserves without the action of the Governor of the territory. The purpose of this was to avoid forcing any of these preserves on states where they were not wanted by the local authorities. The bill provides that the Department of the Interior, or of Agriculture, as the case may be, having such game preserves in its control, may make all regulations necessary for game protection therein. Such regulations shall have the force and effect of law and a violation of them will be a misdemeanor. All nets, tackle, guns, etc., used in violation of the law in one of these preserves will be forfeited on conviction of the party using the same. It also provides that forest officers may arrest, without warrant, persons found violating the law in preserves. The reason for making the transfer to the Department of Agriculture is because that Department can better administer the permanent forest reserves than the Department of the Interior. The traditions and the organization of the Department of the Interior in relation to the public lands has in view the disposition of the lands their sale and transfer to private parties. The Secretary of Agriculture has a fully equipped Bureau of Forestry and is better prepared to administer these reserves than the department in which they are now situated, but it was thought best in framing the bill not to provide for the transfer of any of the preserves except such as have had their boundaries definitely established. The Secretary of the Interior settles more questions of private right in amount and value in one year than the Supreme Court of the United States does in ten years. That Department is overloaded with work and when one of these reserves is definitely located and established as a permanent reserve the President and both Secretaries believe that the Department of Agriculture should have it to care for."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 1, 1902.

Ralph Avery, Loney Leslie.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Money at Interest

is an ever faithful friend—always dependable. A savings bank account with the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, Pittsburgh, Pa., is just the friend every man and woman should have. Your money grows here—earns four per cent interest, and you can bank by mail as readily and safely as if you lived in Pittsburgh. $9,000,000 on deposit. Established 1862. Write for booklet No. 108.

Mrs. E. G. Carter wishes to announce to her many customers that she is now in position to give the very best optical work in the county. Mr. Austin, who is a graduate optician, has charge of all work and satisfaction is guaranteed or no charge.

Feb. 3, 1902.

Horses for Sale.

For sale at reasonable prices six good general purpose horses. All good age weighing 950 to 1050.

PALMER & DODGE,
Livery and Sale Stable.

Smethport, Feb. 6, 1902.

The most extensive line of Robes and Blankets ever shown in town can be seen at J. C. Hamlin's

Heavy sleds for wood or log hauling, three styles, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Some Bible Facts.

Here are some facts about the Old Testament that it took one man three years' time to figure out:

There are 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 593,439 words and 2,728,100 letters.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix.

The middle verse would be II Chronicles xx: 18, if there were a verse more, and verse 17 if there were a verse less.

The word "and" occurs 35,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is I Chronicles I, 25.

The twenty-first verse of Ezra vii contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The nineteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are practically the same.

In the New Testament there are 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses, 181,258 words and 838,380 letters.

The middle book is II Thessalonians.

The middle chapter would be Romans xiii if there were a chapter more and Romans xiv if a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts xvii: 17.

The shortest verse is John xi: 35.

The middle chapter of the entire Bible is also the shortest, the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm.

Catching Tunnies.

The industry of catching tunnies is a very ancient as well as lucrative one. Allusions to it run through the classics. Two hundred and twenty-eight years before the Christian era Athenaeus took the trouble to prove that a brother scribe had made a mistake in attributing a panegyric of the tunny to Hesiod, and modern scholars have agreed that the first authentic classic reference to the tunny is by Herodotus.

That the capture of the tunny was a familiar feature in the daily life of these times is proved by the story related by Herodotus, who tells us how Pisistratus, returning to Greece after his second expulsion, pitched his camp opposite to that of his adversaries near the temple of Pallas at Pallene. Here a soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, moved by a divine impulse, approached him and uttered this prophecy:

> Now the cast has been made, the net is outspread in the water,
> Through the moonshiny night the tunnies will enter the meshes.
> —Herodotus i. 62. (Rawlinson's Translation.)

Pisistratus grasped the meaning at once, accepted the oracle, fell upon the Athenians, defeated them and returned to power.—Nineteenth Century.

ON THE TRACK OF GOOD SHOES when your footsteps are directed toward this store.

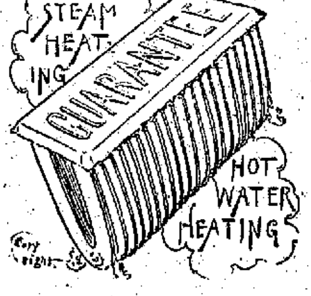
FOOTWEAR

Nothing disappointing about the [illegible] we sell. It is moderately priced, but possesses all the good points of expensive footwear. Your money secures actual worth, not fictitious value in the shape of some high-sounding name.

Your dollars will buy most and best here.

Anderson & Carlson

SMETHPORT PA.



A CASTIRON GUARANTEE.

Every job done by us is in itself a guarantee of quality and good workmanship. It is not constantly getting out of order. What we do stays done.

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING WORKS

is given special attention during this season and whether it is the installation of a new system or repairs on old the work is done by thoroughly competent workmen.

Willett S. Palmer.

UNION 'PHONE 24. REILLY BLOCK. Smethport.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEB. 24, 1902,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at the center of an iron pipe at the Southwest corner of lot owned by the Bradford National Bank. Thence Westerly along the line of Main Street (20) twenty feet. Thence Northerly twelve (12) rods more or less. Thence Easterly to line of lot owned by United Pipe Lines twenty (20) feet. Thence Southerly along line of lots owned by the United Pipe Lines and Bradford National Bank twelve (12) rods more or less to the place of beginning. It being understood and agreed that this conveyance is made and accepted subject to an agreement entered into by the said Ellis Goodman and others, The Bradford National Bank and J. K. Merriam. That all new buildings to be erected shall not extend South beyond a line three (3) feet from the line of Main Street. Improved and having thereon one one story brick store building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ellis Goodman at the suit of J. W. Davis, Assignee of O. F. Schonblom. Berry & Lazell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of [illegible] on the South side of Jackson Avenue [illegible] on the line of Jackson Avenue [illegible] feet to an iron post. Thence Southerly [illegible] to a post on the line of [illegible] Thence Easterly [illegible] to a post. Thence [illegible] Jackson Avenue [illegible] post in the South line of Jackson Avenue. Thence Westerly on the line of Jackson Avenue [illegible] feet to the place of beginning. Being part of lot sold to Lewis [illegible] Ward by Frank A. Newell [illegible] Sept. [illegible] Improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mitchell A. Rogerson at the suit of Lewis Ward.

[illegible], Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at a post in the North line of Amm Street, said post being distant twenty-five feet on a course East from a post marking the Northeast corner of Amm and Bishop Streets; Thence Northerly and at right angles to said Amm Street one hundred feet to a post. Thence Easterly and parallel with said Amm Street twenty-five feet to a post. Thence Southerly one hundred feet to a post in the North line of Amm Street. Thence Westerly along the said North line of Amm Street twenty-five feet to place of beginning. Being Lot No. [illegible] Map of Bayne, Amm and Kennedy's [illegible] as surveyed by George T. Koth, surveyor June A. D. 18[illegible]. Being same and conveyed by Euphemia Brown and Amos Brown her husband to T. J. Bateman party of the first part by deed dated December 6th, A. D. 1890 and recorded in McKean County Records in Deed Book No. 60 page 107, &c., on the 8th day of Dec. A. D. 1890. Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of T. J. Bateman at the suit of W. H. Duncan, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. F. H. Duncan, deceased.

M. Sullivan and John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: [illegible] Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one and one half story frame dwelling house, one one-story frame cottage and one frame out-house.

Seized, taken in execution, and will be sold as the property of Herbert A. Smith, at the suit of Sarah B. Kinzua.

M. Sullivan and John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Defendants' interest in the said building located on a lot or piece of ground situate in Hamlin township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to wit:—Beginning at a post on the line between lands of Ira Wardle and Norman H. Wardle 330 feet North of land of M. J. Healey; Thence East 198 feet to a post; Thence South 220 feet to a post the Northeast corner of land of Charles Houser; Thence West 198 feet to a post; Thence North 220 feet to the place of beginning. Containing one acre of land more or less. Being same land deeded by Norman H. Wardle to E. Fox, C. F. Nies by deed dated April 17, 1899 and recorded in McKean County, Records in Deed Book, No. 106, page 402, &c. The said building thereon being a dwelling house 20 ft. 8 in. wide 31 ft. 8 in. long, 16 feet high, 2 stories, 4 rooms down stairs and 0 rooms up stairs.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Peter Simcick and E. F. Nies or Chas. Nies, owners or reputed owners, and Peter Simcick, contractor, at the suit of Clarissa F. Hazelton, Ex.

E. E. Tate, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in the said building located on a lot or piece of ground situate in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, McKean County, Pennsylvania and being Lot Number ten (10) as shown on map made by A. G. McComb, said map recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County on March 20th, 1890 in Deed Book No. 103, page 559 and being the same lot deeded by John D. Wescott and wife to said John F. Kelly and Daniel D. Reed by deed dated March 29, 1890 and recorded in aforesaid Recorder's office, May 1st, 1899 in Deed Book 105, at page 130. The said building is forty-two feet wide, seventy feet long, twenty-two feet or two and a half stories high with twelve finished rooms and twelve unfinished rooms and is now situate and erected upon the aforesaid Lot No. 10.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John F. Kelly and Daniel D. Reed, owners and reputed owners and John F. Kelly and Daniel D. Reed, contractor at the suit of Clarissa F. Hazelton, executrix of the estate of B. F. Hazelton, deceased.

E. E. Tait, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1902.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

J. S. McCarthy, Propr.

ALL KINDS OF

FRESH & SALT MEATS.

FRESH LINE OF

CHOICEST GROCERIES.

Vegetables and Oysters in Season.

Main Street. Smethport. Pa.

STATEMENT

OF THE

Finances of McKean County

FOR THE

Fiscal Year Eudidg Jaunary 6th, 1902.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, Treasurer of McKean County, in account with the several funds of said county, for the fiscal year ending January 6th, 1902.

COUNTY FUNDS.

	Dr.	
To Balance due fund Jan. 5th, 1901	$41581 59	
To 1-5 of $26000 00, liquor license received	5200 00	
To amt. received from sheriff acct. commonwealth costs	1167 52	
To amt. received from sheriff acct. fines	115 00	
To amt. received from sheriff acct. jury fees	226 66	
To amt. transferred from dog fund	2012 59	
To amt. Unseated taxes collected	[illegible]	
To amt. Seated taxes collected	[illegible]	
To amt. State taxes collected	[illegible]	
To Miscellaneous receipts	[illegible]	
To amt. received from State [illegible] license	[illegible]	101140 12
	Cr.	
By County orders paid	[illegible]	
By commission on $[illegible] at 2½ per cent.	[illegible]	
By paid County Teachers' Institute	200 00	
By Balance due fund	29658 00	101140 12

POOR FUND.

	Dr.	
To Balance due fund Jan 5th, 1901	6271 34	
To Unseated taxes collected	5616 51	
To Seated taxes collected	16610 07	
To Miscellaneous receipts	2241 56	30740 08
	Cr.	
By Poor orders paid	22384 91	
By commissions on $24458 74 at 2½ per cent.	611 47	
By balance due fund	7733 70	30730 08

DOG FUND

	Dr.	
To Balance due Jan. 5th 1901	2612 59	
To Dog taxes collected	2312 69	4925 28
	Cr.	
By Transferred to County fund	2012 59	
By Dog orders paid	1365 56	
By commission on $2312 69 at 2½ per cent.	57 82	
By Distributed to schools	689 87	
By Balance due fund	[illegible]	4925 28

BRIDGE BOND FUND

	Dr.	
To Balance due fund Jan. 5th, 1901	[illegible]	
To Unseated taxes collected	[illegible]	
To Seated taxes collected	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Cr.	
By commission on $[illegible] at 2½ per cent.	[illegible]	
By Balance due fund	[illegible]	[illegible]

ALIEN TAX FUND

	Dr.	
By Balance due fund Jan. 5th, 1901	904 16	904 16
	Cr.	
By orders paid	632 44	
By Balance due fund	271 72	904 16

REDEMPTION FUND

	Dr.	
To Balance due fund Jan. 5th, 1901	3816 67	
To Redemption received	199 39	4016 06
	Cr.	
By Redemption orders paid	413 50	
By Balance due fund	3602 56	4016 06

BICYCLE FUND

	Dr.	
To Balance due fund Jan. 5th, 1901	313 83	313 83
	Cr.	
By Orders paid	13 12	
By Balance due fund	300 71	313 83

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff of McKean County, in account with said County for the fiscal year ending January 6th, 1902.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

	Dr.	
To amt. received on account	2500 00	
To amt. wages of Turnkey	480 00	
To amt. fines collected to date	115 00	
To amt. commonwealth costs collected to date	1167 52	
To amt. quarter sessions jury fees collected	122 66	
To amt. common pleas jury fees collected	104 00	
To amt. due to balance	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Cr.	
By amt. overdrawn Auditor's report for 1900	[illegible]	
By erection proclamations	47 12	
By taking [illegible] A. Schoonmaker to insane asylum	[illegible]	
By taking [illegible] to State board public charities	[illegible]	
By check to county treasurer fines collected	115 00	
By check to county treasurer commonwealth costs collected	1167 52	
By check to county treasurer Q. S. fees collected	122 66	
By check to county treasurer C. P. fees collected	104 00	
By 3 per cent. com. on $115 00 fines collected	3 45	
By taking prisoners to the penitentiary	358 40	
By drawing and summoning jurors and ret. veniros	269 89	
By board of prisoners to date	2214 72	4084 65

E. R. SHERMAN, Coroner of McKean County, in account with said County, for the year ending January 6th, 1902.

E. R. SHERMAN, Coroner.

	Dr.	
To amt. of orders drawn during 1901	220 00	
To balance due for 1901	62 97	282 97
	Cr.	
By balance due last Auditors' report	64 23	
By inquests, mileage and fees	218 74	282 97

RECEIPTS OF McKEAN COUNTY.

To amt. in Treasurer Jan. 5th, 1901	41581 59	
To amt. liquor license received	5200 00	
To amt. commonwealth costs received from sheriff	1167 52	
To amt. fines received from sheriff	115 00	
To amt. jury fees received from sheriff	226 66	
To amt. transferred from Dog fund	2012 59	
To amt. unseated taxes collected	[illegible]	
To amt. seated taxes collected	[illegible]	
To amt. State taxes received	[illegible]	
To amt. [illegible] receipts	[illegible]	
To amt. received from State license	[illegible]	
To amt. bridge bond fund in Treas. Jan. 5th, 1901	[illegible]	
To amt. bridge bond taxes collected	[illegible]	
To amt. alien fund in Treas. Jan. 5, 1901	904 16	[illegible]

STATEMENT showing the amount of County, State, Poor and Dog Tax charged, amount received and balance due from the several districts for the year 1901 subject to exonerations and [illegible] commissions.

DISTRICTS	STATE TAX			COUNTY TAX			POOR TAX			DOG TAX		
	Charged	Received	Due	Charged	Received	Due	Charged	Received	Due	Charged	Received	Due
Annin Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	$ 7 00	[illegible]	$ 330 09	$ 329 76	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford	158 56	[illegible]	9 41	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1774 37	1051 [illegible]	723 10	250 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bradford City 1st W	[illegible]	[illegible]	48 74	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				7 00	2 00	5 00
2nd W	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1814 [illegible]				72 00	12 00	60 00
3rd W	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				86 00	14 00	[illegible]
4th W	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5th W	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1003 85	[illegible]	[illegible]				[illegible]	[illegible]	48 00
6th W	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ceres Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	90	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	110 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corydon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	517 08	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eldred	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	134 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Eldred Borough	[illegible]	[illegible]	45 34	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	44 [illegible]	64 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Foster Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1774 46	[illegible]	[illegible]	1178 50	1006 [illegible]	[illegible]	205 00	30 00	175 00
Hamlin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	742 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	701 81	[illegible]	[illegible]	176 00
Hamilton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	858 40	[illegible]	208 11	[illegible]	16 00	47 00
Keating	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	902 41	[illegible]	43 00	182 00
Kane Borough 1st W	144 [illegible]	[illegible]	23 40	1145 51	[illegible]	[illegible]	944 80	[illegible]	[illegible]	60 00	[illegible]	16 44
2nd W	[illegible]	[illegible]	41 89	[illegible]	[illegible]	461 [illegible]	907 19	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 88	[illegible]
3rd W	207 08	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	54 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
4th W	[illegible]	141 70	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lafayette Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1290 [illegible]	[illegible]	1175 43	[illegible]	100 [illegible]	[illegible]	64 00	10 00
Liberty	[illegible]	11 [illegible]	1 30	1471 01	[illegible]	[illegible]	1194 26	1186 [illegible]	[illegible]	118 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mt. Jewett Borough	[illegible]	175 11	13 96	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	71 00	[illegible]	41 00
Norwich Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2007 72	[illegible]	18 00	[illegible]	[illegible]	114 44	[illegible]	[illegible]	40 00
Otto	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	17 00	79 00
Port Allegany Bor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1325 00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sergeant	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	473 40	1646 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	30 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sergeant Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wetmore	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	67 00
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

EXPENDITURES OF McKEAN COUNTY

Paid A. M. Boardman, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid Albert Peterson, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid T. F. Hungiville, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid S. D. Weaver, Commissioners' Clerk	[illegible]	
Paid extra clerical work [illegible]	[illegible]	
Paid T. F. R[illegible], Commissioners' Solicitor	[illegible]	
Paid W. [illegible], Sealer	[illegible]	
Paid [illegible]	[illegible]	
Paid [illegible] State Aid [illegible]	[illegible]	
Paid Jury Commissioners & Clerk	[illegible]	
Paid S. G. Rishel, Janitor	[illegible]	
Paid J. B. Biever, Turnkey	[illegible]	
Paid P. Brunk and M. J. Woods, Night Watchman	[illegible]	
Paid Constable Returns	[illegible]	
Paid Justice fees and discharged prisoners	[illegible]	
Paid Stenographer	[illegible]	
Paid Court Crier and Tipstaves	[illegible]	
Paid Commonwealth Costs	4298 07	
Paid Penna. Reform School Expenses	[illegible]	
Paid Grand Jurors	721 62	
Paid Traverse Jurors	[illegible]	
Paid Assessors for assessing	[illegible]	
Paid Assessors for registering	2391 00	
Paid Election expenses	4067 92	
Paid Jail expenses	882 13	
Paid Western Penitentiary	2688 92	
Paid publishing and printing	587 95	
Paid road views and damages	135 13	
Paid freight, express, telegrams and postage	248 26	
Paid fuel and lights	689 59	
Paid Court House expense	3125 61	
Paid Coroner's Inquests	324 65	
Paid indigent soldiers	365 00	
Paid books and stationery	[illegible]	
Paid bridge expenses	[illegible]	
Paid Water Company	[illegible]	
Paid Geo. W. Mitchell, Prothonotary, fees	[illegible]	
Paid traveling expenses	[illegible]	
Paid Fire Wardens	[illegible]	
Paid miscellaneous expenses	[illegible]	
Paid County Teachers' Institute	[illegible]	
Paid County Treasurer [illegible]	[illegible]	
Paid County Treas. [illegible]	[illegible]	
Paid [illegible]	[illegible]	
By balance due Bridge Bond fund in Treas.	[illegible]	
By balance due Alien fund in Treas.	271 72	
Paid orders issued & [illegible] in 1901	[illegible]	[illegible]

COUNTY ASSETS

Amount due County from State, account Fire Wardens	55 95	
Amount due County from uncollected taxes	20592 40	
Amount due County from funds in Treas.	29658 00	
Amount due County from State tax uncollected	3100 76	
Amount due County from dog tax uncollected	1068 36	
Amount due County from bridge bond fund in Treas.	3287 90	58071 86

COUNTY LIABILITIES.

Commonwealth costs (estimated)	200 00	
Outstanding indebtedness sundry items (estimated)	704 79	
Amount due Penna. Reform School	284 41	
Amount due Western Penitentiary	2099 89	
Amount assets in excess of liabilities	[illegible] 77	58071 86

RECEIPTS OF POOR FUND

To amt. in Treas. Jan. 5th, 1901	6271 34	
To amt. unseated taxes collected	5616 51	
To amt. seated taxes collected	16610 07	
To amt. miscellaneous receipts	[illegible]	[illegible]

EXPENDITURES OF POOR FUND.

Paid A. M. Boardman, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid Albert Peterson, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid T. F. Hungiville, Commissioner	[illegible]	
Paid S. D. Weaver, Commissioners' Clerk	[illegible]	
Paid T. F. R[illegible], Commissioners' Solicitor	[illegible]	
Paid outside relief	[illegible]	
Paid County Auditors	[illegible]	
Paid State Insane Asylums	[illegible]	
Paid [illegible] Memorial Children's Home, [illegible] Pa.	[illegible]	
Paid Justice fees	[illegible]	
Paid Poor farm expenses	[illegible]	
Paid extra expenses	[illegible]	
Paid T. H. Ryan, Superintendent Poor farm	[illegible]	
Paid traveling expenses	[illegible]	
Paid examination in lunacy	[illegible]	
Paid provisions	871 68	
Paid clothing	328 53	
Paid furniture	[illegible]	
Paid Burg Chadwick, Physician	450 00	
Paid medicine and supplies	[illegible]	
Paid publishing and printing	106 75	
Paid freight, telephone, express and postage	[illegible]	
Paid insurance	451 00	
Paid fuel and lights	604 78	
Paid building and improvements	2819 05	
Paid ordinary repairs	15 99	
Paid books and stationery	1 75	
Paid coffins	169 00	
Paid farm salary	[illegible]	
Paid tobacco	[illegible]	
Paid furnishings	[illegible]	
Paid blacksmithing	[illegible]	
Paid miscellaneous items	[illegible]	
Paid County Treas. com. on [illegible]	[illegible]	
By balance due fund in Treas.	[illegible]	[illegible]

POOR ASSETS.

[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

POOR LIABILITIES

Amount due [illegible] estimated	[illegible]	
Amount due Warren Insane Asylum	[illegible]	
Amount assets in excess of liabilities	[illegible]	[illegible]

STATEMENT

Showing the cost of keeping each inmate per week at the Almshouse for the fiscal year ending January 6th, 1902.

Total cost of keeping inmates	6107 17	6107 17
Boarding inmates 2953 days or 2[illegible] 3-7 weeks at $2.07 per week	6107 17	6107 17

We the undersigned Commissioners of McKean County and McKean County Poor District do hereby certify that the foregoing statement of receipts and expenditures, and statement of assets and liabilities, are true to the best of our knowledge.

A. M. BOARDMAN,
ALBERT PETERSON,
T. F. HUNGIVILLE,
Commissioners of McKean County.

Attest:
S. D. WEAVER, Clerk.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport.

Specht & Sasse.

THAT ETERNAL ITCHING.

$5 for any case of Itching Piles, Ulcerated Piles, Barbers' Itch, Old Sores, or Eczema that cannot be cured with one box of DR. ZIGG'S SILVER LEAF OINTMENT. By mail 50 cents.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa

For sale by all druggists.

INSURE YOUR LIFE WITH THE

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

OF NEW YORK.

One of the Great Life Companies of the World

Frederick A. Burnham, President.

1881---RESULTS UNPARALLELED.---1901

Over 80,000 Policy Holeers, Representing nearly 200,000,000 o Insurance.

Invested Assets, over	$12,250,000.
Government Deposits, over	$600,000
Death Claims Paid, over	$44,000,000

FOR FULL INFORMATION ADDRESS

GEO. M. KELLOG, General Agent,

Hornellsville, N. Y.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PASADENA

KIDNEY CURE. It Nourishes, Fortifies and Refreshes the Whole System.

COUGH BALSAM. Cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.

LINIMENT. The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.

PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Redfield's Magazine

For February

Will be out on or about February the first.

Fine Illustrations. Entertaining Reading.

Sold by all Newsdealers.

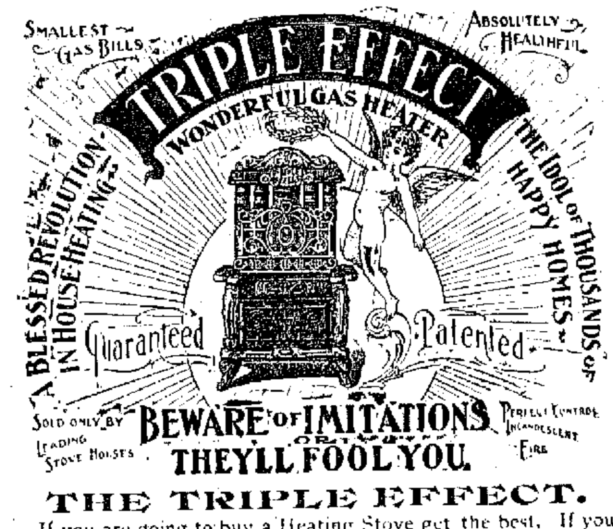
This Magazine is being introduced throughout the county and subscriptions taken by Geo. H. Hyde.

5c the copy.

50c the year.

Scott F. Redfeld, Publisher,

Smethport, Pa.



Smallest Gas Bills
Absolutely Healthful
TRIPLE EFFECT
WONDERFUL GAS HEATER
A BLESSED REVOLUTION IN HOUSE HEATING
THE IDOL OF THOUSANDS OF HAPPY HOMES
Guaranteed
Patented
Sold only by Leading Stove Houses
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OR THEY'LL FOOL YOU
Perfect Control Incandescent Fire

THE TRIPLE EFFECT.

If you are going to buy a Heating Stove get the best. If you want heat, health and a small gas bill get the Triple Effect. If you have any doubt of its marvelous heating qualities, consult any one who has used one, and especially those who have "fired" the imitations and replaced them with the original and ONLY Triple Effect. Sold ONLY by

J. C. Hamlin.

in Smethport and Vicinity.

Remember, its system of manufacturing hot air is covered by U. S. patents owned by the makers, and I have their exclusive agency in this town. Any one claiming similar improvements in tubular heating is trying to recite 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. They are sold at the same prices the world over.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Sheriff's sales this week.

—It is rumored that Austin is to have a bank.

—A bowling club is being formed in Smethport.

—The heaviest storm in years Sunday and Monday.

—Business was brisk in police circles Saturday night.

—The commissioners' statement appears in to-day's MINER.

—Skiing is a popular amusement among Smethport youngsters.

—Coudersport's new opera house was opened to the public last week.

—The "Merry Milkmaids" are faithfully rehearsing for their coming entertainment.

—Dr. Bret H. Hall of Bradford was sworn in as coroner of this county on Friday last.

—The ground hog saw his shadow Sunday but only for a few moments in this section.

—Emporium has a "Never Hungry" club. It is a safe bet that the members are also "never thirsty."

—The dance at the hose house Saturday evening last was as usual a well attended and lively affair.

—Mrs. Chas. McKean entertained a large party of lady friends at her home on Bank street yesterday afternoon.

—Charles Gash of Bradford and Miss Edna Braily of Philadelphia were married in the latter city Tuesday afternoon.

—Anderson & Carlson have a new ad to-day. You should be well shod this weather and their line of shoes is complete.

—Over in McKean county excitement is kept up by mad dogs. Buckwheat itch keeps them busy in this county.—Shingle House Mail.

—The spring term opens March 25th at the Clarion State Normal school. The principal informs us that students can enter at any time.

—The Camp factory is running with all places filled at present. Good glass is being turned out and prospects for a successful fire are bright.

—Officer Welsh found a half frozen man nearly covered with snow Sunday night. He was taken to the lockup and for a time appeared to be on the verge of death. He eventually recovered.

—Harvey Simple, who was injured by a piece of glass striking him in the eye several weeks ago, is able to attend to his duties at the Camp factory.

—An Antrim miner fell from a cable transport running between two mountains one day last week. He fell a distance of 50 feet and was terribly injured.

—Two large sleighloads of young people drove to Port Allegany Saturday evening. They attended Guy Brothers' minstrels and enjoyed a dance until midnight.

—Our government wants 3,000 more sailors, and a great opportunity is thus offered to bright boys who wish to see something of the world and to follow the sea for awhile.

—The total length of the railroads of the world is equivalent to over eight times the circumference of the globe and is progressing on the ninth circuit at the rate of 125 miles per day.

—Last Saturday one of the furnaces at the glass factory here was closed for the balance of the season and the blowers immediately left for Smethport, where they had secured work.—Wellsboro Agitator.

—Now all ye little girls and boys who are coasting down the hill, be careful that you do not strike the pace that's apt to kill, and as you are sliding merrily just cast a glance about. For the cop may come and nab you, if you don't watch out.—Ex.

—It takes politics to warm things up anywhere. The American element of Dawson City won a local election and celebrated with a torchlight procession when the thermometer registered 50 degrees below zero. Local writers said they had a warm time.

—He was strong; he was gentle; he was wise. With no external advantages beyond the mass of his fellow citizens, he rose by sheer merit and will to the summit of distinction and power. With a growth as certain and gradual as that of an oak, William McKinley grew stronger and wiser with every year that he lived.—John Hay.

—A fine healthy boy was born Monday morning to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tadder at No. 22 Brennan street. The house has been quarantined since the evening of January 22, because of the father being afflicted with small-pox, this disease assuming a very mild form. This morning a two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Tadder has developed a mild case of the disease. Strict quarantine rules are being observed and no fears of the spread of the disease are felt. All the afflicted members of the family are doing remarkably well.—Bradford Record.

Finding His Bride.

In one part of the canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best" and, accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete, goes to claim his bride.

Finding the door locked, he demands admittance, the inmates ask him his business, and [illegible]ly he solicits the hand of his ch[illegible] maiden.

If his answer [illegible] found satisfactory, he is successively [illegible] introduced to a number of matrons a[illegible] maids, some perhaps deformed and o[illegible]ers old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his ladylove is absent and invited in to see for himself.

He rushes into the house and searches from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress, ready to go to church. Then are his troubles over and his state as a Benedict assured.

Getting In Society.

Several young men in our smartest set were asked by an inquisitive genius how they managed to get in high society. "I danced my way in," said one, who frequently leads a cotillon. Another said: "I was too ungraceful for that. But I had a serious way with me, and got into the sacred circle by means of the Sunday school. I taught a Bible class, made acquaintance of the best young men, met their mothers, fathers and finally their sisters." A third: "I got in by being a stranger in New York. While on a hunting expedition in the west I was able, through a happy circumstance, to be of assistance to a very prominent leader of New York society. In gratitude, I suppose, he exacted a promise that I would visit him if I ever came east. I came, I called, I conquered. He dined me at his club, then at his home, where I met his family. His daughter is now my wife."—New York Press.

Constantinople Beggars' Feast Day.

One day in the year Constantinople is free from the beggar nuisance—on Nov. 25. This is the festival of St. John the Almsgiver, the patron saint of the mendicant profession. No beggar of the Greek faith is on his or her beat that day. In the forenoon all, or nearly all, orthodox mendicants attend a special service in the church of St. Constantine, at which an archbishop officiates. It is arranged by their corporation, for they are organized into a guild like any other trade. The church, spacious as it is, is none too large for the numerous congregation of cadgers, many of whom in their holiday garb look like respectable citizens. The rest of the day is spent in festivities, which are apt to extend so far into the night that many of the revelers are unable to attend to business on the morrow.

Where He Belonged.

A clergyman observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by [illegible]. The parson [illegible] to be sensible of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey [illegible].

"[illegible] you had been [illegible] to have been [illegible] might have heard [illegible]."

"Where [illegible]?" inquired the jockey.

"In the stable [illegible]," returned the clergyman.—[illegible].

She Soon Altered It.

Many young ladies have found it necessary to improve, or rather to alter, the spelling of the names with which they were originally blessed. Mabel becomes Mabelle, Jessie becomes Jessica, Mary becomes Marie, and so forth. A brother lately received a letter from his young sister at a fashionable boarding school. It was signed Jessica. He answered:

Dear Sister Jessica—Your welcome letter received. Papaica and mammaica are well. Aunt Maryca and Uncle [illegible] started for Glasgowica yesterday. I [illegible] bought a new horse. You ought to see it. It is a beauty. Its name is [illegible]. Your affectionate brother, SAMICA.

The sister's next letter was signed "Jessie."

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 314

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
ROBERT GRAVES, PROP'R,
RATES, $1.50 PER DAY. Olean, N. Y.

Opposite W. N. Y. & P. Depot.

Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished throughout. Bar supplied with finest Wines and Liquors. Pleasant Ladies' Parlors.

HOTEL HAZEL,
POTTER & CLARK, PROP'RS.
MAIN ST. HAZELHURST, PA.

All modern improvements. Elegantly appointed bar. Rates, $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor
Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. THE COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt [illegible]. The tables are supplied with the best the market [illegible] accommodations [illegible]. The bar is supplied [illegible].

[illegible] SMITH, Proprietors.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdveint.
Next Door to [illegible] Store, Main St.

Shaving and Hair Dressing
— In the latest style of Art —

None but first-class workmen employed. Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

M. J. Norris,

TONSORIAL ARTIST, has opened a barber shop in Gaskin & Grant's news depot, where he is ready to serve all patrons. Shaving and hair cutting executed in a strictly first-class manner. A trial is all I ask, as I am confident I can suit you.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

NEWS STAND

One Door East of Chautauqua House.

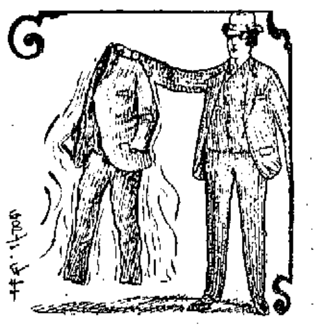
GASKINS & GRANT,
Props.

ALL THE LEADING
Newspapers,
Tobaccos,
Cigars.
Boot Black Chair.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.



Wm. Monheimer,
Central Block, Smethport, Pa.
CLOTHIER
and Gents' Furnisher.

Shake your old clothes, get into something more stylish and seasonable. Plain and striped Cheviots, Worsted, Serges and Black & Blue Clays.

Just say how you like a garment to fit and we bring one that fits—both goods, person and your purse.

A Broadway Special Hat and a pair of Walk Over Shoes will complete the outfit.

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

For Stylish Millinery
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

All outing and ready to wear hats, including our pattern and trimmed hats, sold at very low prices to reduce the stock before our annual inventory.

These goods are all this season's stock.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs
at Reasonable
Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport. - Penna.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

For Sale.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport. - Penn.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

NEW CENTURY CALIGRAPH.

TYPEWRITER QUALITY AND EQUIPMENT
New Century
CALIGRAPH

Double universal keyboard. Represents 23 years' labor by the makers of the Caligraph typewriter. "The velvet touch"—minimum of labor and noise in operating.

Send for Catalogue.

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.
316 Broadway, New York. 21 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Local agency at Leonard's Drug Store, Bradford, Pa.

J. COLEGROVE,
Local Agent for
Chase & Sanborn Celebrated Boston Seal Brand of Coffee.

In 1 and 2 lb. cans. The perfection in coffee. All best trade call for it.

We handle Chase & Sanborn Coffees in all grades. Each grade is in a class by itself. Try their Java & Mocha; its only superior is the Seal Brand. Every pound runs just the same. Try sample pound and you will use no other brand. We have been agent here for this coffee eight years and have yet to hear any complaint.

J. COLEGROVE.
Next to Bank. SMETHPORT, PA.

FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS
every day in the week at
The Model Restaurant.
Families Supplied.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS--$1 25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1 00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1902.

Announcements.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-nomination and re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. M. BOARDMAN.
Derrick City, Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.
Kane, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—You will please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JNO. R. SHOEMAKER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1902.

PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
WILLIAM B. CLARKE.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. F. BELL.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

REGISTER, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 15, 1902.

RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 14, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. B. WALKER.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 18, 1902.

SHERIFF.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
CHAS. E. MAYS.
Morrisons, Pa., Jan. 20, 1902.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress in the Twenty-first District, subject to the rules of the Republican party and to the decision of the district conferees.
T. S. RICHMOND.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 22, 1902.

ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. M. MCELROY.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries of McKean county.
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.
Kane, Pa., Jan. 27, 1902.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the action of the Republican primaries.
H. S. ROGERS.
Mt. Jewett, Pa., Jan. 27, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for District Attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN P. MELVIN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 20, 1902.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of Courts, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1902.

AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Auditor of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
B. G. BARTLE.
Port Allegany, Feb. 1, 1902.

IF Bryan did not make a new speech once in a while, if Miss Stone's release did not come with periodic frequency, and if Governor Dole's resignation did not put in its appearance every once in so often, the editors would be in serious need of reliable "fillers."

B. G. BARTLE announces this week that he is a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor. Mr. Bartle was elected by a large majority last fall to serve the unexpired term of J. Lester Ward in that office. He is a good man for the place and will undoubtedly receive a big vote at the primaries.

THE United States has, in round numbers, 200,000 miles of railroad in operation, or more than two-fifths of the mileage of the world. Germany is the nearest rival with 32,000 miles. Russia comes next with 30,000 miles, and France, India, Austria-Hungary, British Isles and Canada follow in order. Almost one-third of the total is government owned, and the railroads of France will revert to government control about the middle of the century.

IN the proper place will be found the announcement of Wm. H. Morrison, candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions, and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Morrison is an honest and capable man, whose experience in the Prothonotary's service for several years admirably equip him for the office he desires. He is a popular, straightforward gentleman and a good Republican and no mistake will be made in electing him as Clerk of the Courts.

THERE are frequently things said in Congress that do not get in the sedate pages of the "Congressional Record." For example, in the recent tilt over the Philippine tariff bill in the Senate between Senators Lodge, Teller, Beveridge Spooner and Money, one of the gentlemen said; "Let the Philippines go to the Devil." This was expunged from the official document, as was the greater part of the heated passage at arms.

IN a letter to the Adjutant-General of the army. Gen. Bell says that the influence of one American woman can contribute more to the reformation of the Filipinos than any company of men, soldier or civilian. He cites several instances where the presence of officers wives, who have sympathetically tried to understand the natives, has worked an entire change in the attitude of even the revengeful Tagalos who are willing to concede that with such good women, Americans can not be all bad. Gen. Bell recommends that permission always be given for officers to be accompanied by their wives.

IN last week's Port Allegany Reporter Editor Laymon makes the announcement of Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett for District Attorney the occasion for venting his spite on account of a grudge against the young man's father. That it is for spite, pure and simple, that the Port Allegany editor attempts to belittle the abilities of a man who is intellectually and morally his superior can easily be proven by reference to a chapter in the criminal annals of McKean county. Should Mr. Laymon so desire we can publish this chapter on short notice. A conscientious editor would never have published an announcement when the editorial columns contained so cowardly an attack on the candidate. But here Mr. Laymon shows his petty nature. He could not let slip the opportunity to rake up an old grudge, for which his own vile mind was wholly responsible, neither could he let slip the five-dollar bill for the announcement.

There is economy in buying good robes and blankets. They last longer, look better and are warmer than the "just as good" kind. I always handle the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

The only good Goods on the Market

SHASTA

PURE RYE.

Sold by all first-class hotels. Call for it.

Alexander Malt & Distilling Co
Cincinnati, O. Bradford, Pa.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register the same will be presented for confirmation at an Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D., 1902:

First and final account of Margaret Ida Bayer and John Lawrence Bayer, executors of the last will and testament of Lawrence Bayer, deceased.

Second and final account of William Hogan, administrator of the estate of Elias Urquhart, deceased.

First and final account of Mary Bennett, administratrix of the estate of T. S. Bennett, deceased.

First and final account of E. C. Anderson, administrator of the estate of August Peterson, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, administrator of the estate of E. M. Kerns, deceased.

First and final account of Henry Hermes, administrator of the estate of Robert Rabs, deceased.

First and final account of A. M. Sherry, administrator of the estate of Margaret Sherry, deceased.

The final account of D. H. Rook, guardian of Evelyn Grant, minor child of Charles L. Grant, deceased, by H. E. Allen, administrator of the estate of the said D. H. Rook, deceased.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy,
Smethport Pa., Jan. 27th, 1902.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on Monday, March 3rd, 1902, by Henry Hamlin, Ralph E. Burdick, Fred D. Gallup, Orlo J. Hamlin and John Forrest, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Hamlin Bank and Trust Company," the character and object of which is the insuring of owners of real estate, mortgagees and others interested in real estate from loss by reason of defective titles, liens and incumbrances, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

BOUTON & GALLUP, Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Feb 5, 1902.

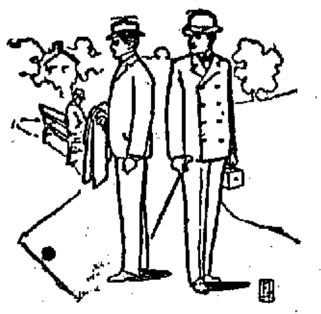
Legal Notice.

In re Estate of William Kation, deceased.	In the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania.

In the matter of the petition of Timothy M. Kation, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, for discharge as such administrator.

ORDER OF COURT.

And now, Jan'y 20, 1902, rule to show cause granted, returnable at Argument Court, March 11, 1902, notice of this rule to be published 3 weeks in MCKEAN COUNTY MINER.
Per Curiam.
T. A. M., P. J.



UP-TO-DATE attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to- par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & Co.,
THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

"Tis not the clothes that make the man."

No, but a great deal depends on

The Man that Makes the Clothes.

IF HE DOES HIS WORK WELL, THE PATRON IS REGARDED MORE FAVORABLY BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC THAN AS IF THE CLOTHES HAVE A SLOVENLY APPEARANCE. WE MAKE SUITS THAT ARE GUARANTEED TO SUIT.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words

A complete line of
FINE STATIONERY,
Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

1902

WILL BRING LARGER OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROGRESS AND COMFORT.

So Will

J. M. SLOAN,

the Furniture Man. Many know this; all may.
6 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.,
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

CONDITION POWDERS

My own Make. 15c per pound.
Made from the purest drugs and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Clearance Sale for 15 Days.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Rubber Goods and Gent's Furnishing Goods. This entire stock has to be sold at cost to make room for new spring goods. Commences Feb. 3; ends Feb. the 20th.

25 Overcoats, all wool, different colors, go at $4.98, were $8.50.
50 Overcoats, very fine, tailor-made, Kersey, go at $5.50 to $8.98, were $12.50 and $15.00.
40 Men's Suits, heavy cashmere, wool, go from $4.00 to $5.50, were $7.00 and $8.50.
25 Men's Black Clay Worsted Suits, all wool, go at $8.98, were $12.50.
30 Men's Suits, Imported French Clay, go at $10.00, were $15.50.
75 Boys' Suits, in heavy winter goods, go from $1.50 up.
50 pairs Ladies' Shoes, Dongola, go at $1.30, were $1.75.
60 pairs Ladies' Shoes, heavy soles, go at $1.50, were $2.25.
75 pairs Ladies' Shoes, very fine, French vici kid, latest out, go from $1.75 to $2.00, were $3.00.
75 pairs Men's Shoes, the latest styles, go from $1.25 up.
90 pairs Boys' Shoes, sizes from 2½ to 5½, go from $1.00 up.
90 pairs Boys' Shoes, sizes from 12½ to 2½, go from 85c up.
Children's & Misses' Shoes, all sizes, go from 50c up.
2 dozen Felt Boots & Rubbers, the best, $1.85 per pair.
2 dozen Men's High Arctics, the best, $1.10.
Children's & Misses' Rubbers, the best, go from 25c up.
30 pairs Men's Pants, striped, very fine, worth from $5.50 to $4.50, go at $3.50 and $2.50.
75 pairs Men's Pants, very heavy, well made, go from 85c to $1.25, were $2.25 and $2.00.
5 dozen Ladies' Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 23c up.
10 dozen Men's Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 40c up per piece.
20 dozen Children's Underwear, heavy fleece lined, go from 15c up per piece.
10 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, fleece lined, well made, go at 90c.
5 dozen Ladies' Shirt Waists, all kinds, the latest out, go from 50c to $1.50.
3 dozen Outside Skirts, well made, in black, blue and red, go at $1.75, were $2.50.
5 dozen Underskirts, the best, mercerized silks, all colors, go from 90c up to $3.00.
5 pieces Suiting, red, blue, black, 55 inches wide, go at 70c per yard, were $1.00.
5 pieces Suiting, different colors, go at 38c per yard, were 55c.
5 pieces Camshere, different colors, go at 25c per yard, were 50c.
6 pieces Novelty Goods, all colors, go at 25c per yard, were 40c.
6 pieces Novelty Goods, all colors, go at 12½c per yard, were 20c.
20 pieces Outing Flannel, all colors, the best, go from 5c up.
30 pieces Calico, the best, different colors, 5½c yd. All fast colors.
15 pieces Lancaster Gingham, all colors, the best, go at 5½c yard.
8 pieces Toweling, all kinds, go from 4½c up.
6 pieces Table Linen, different colors, fast colors, go at 22c up.
10 dozen Ladies' All Wool Hose, go at 23c, were 35c per pair.
10 dozen Misses' All Wool Hose, at 15c, were 25c per pair.
8 dozen Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose, go from 12c up.

We have a large assortment of Laces, Embroidery, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Neckwear and all kinds of Notions which go at your own price.

We also have Trunks, Telescopes, Umbrellas, Hats and Caps at very low prices.

We invite you all to come during this sale. You can save from 45 to 50 cents on a dollar.

Don't miss this Great 15-Day Sale.

MAX SCHOOLAR,
Opposite Court House. SMETHPORT, PA.

D. C. Young
announces a reduction in price of
Winter Goods
to make room for spring stock which will soon be received.

A few Waldorf flannel waists and winter shawls still left will be closed out at cost, also women's flannelette suits. Wrappers from $0.75 to $1.50. Call and look over the stock before buying elsewhere

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 30, 1901.

Brasted's Holday Sweets
Home Made Candy.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.,
Main Street.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.,
Smethport, Pa.

FEBRUARY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE.

This is by far the largest line of White we have ever shown. Carefully made garments in the latest and prettiest styles. and at prices that are right will move them quick.

$1.50 Petticoats of cambric; deep Vandyke flounce finished with three rows of Lace insertion; dust ruffle.

$1.00 Petticoats of good quality muslin with deep flounce finished with 5-inch cambric embroidery; dust ruffle. Value $1.50.

$1.25 Night Gowns of fine cambric; square yoke of lace insertion and ribbon; neck and sleeves trimmed with lace.

$1.50 Night Gown of fine cambric; high, round neck of embroidery; sleeves trimmed with embroidery.

$1.00 Corset Covers of Nainsook; full front of lace insertion; neck and arm holes trimmed with lace ruffle.

Laces

Our spring laces are beginning to arrive.

Nottingham Allovers,	40c to 90c
Nottingham Galloons,	10c to 50c
Degins Irish Crochet,	$2.90
Black Spangled Allovers,	$1.75 to $3.25

Embroideries

Nainsook and Cambric Edgings, Insertions and Beadings, 4c to 50c per yard.

The newest St. Gall productions.

White Goods

We have the choicest selection of dainty patterns to be found anywhere. White will play an important part in the coming season's costumes. Make your purchases now when everything is fresh and bright.

French Lawns,	50c to 75c
Persian Lawns,	25c to 50c
Real Swiss,	25c to 40c
India Lawns,	8c to 35c

A saving of one-third.

A few Left-overs from our January Sale: Heavy Underwear, Boy's Suits and Overcoats, Ladies, and Children's Furs at greatly reduced prices.

A Special Price on KING'S BEST Flour $4.75 per barrel while this carload lasts.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

PERSONAL MENTION.

T. H. Morrison spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Mrs. Emma J. Sprague of Buffalo is visiting friends in town.

George Covely of Johnsonburg is visiting friends in town.

C. H. Boyd of Bradford spent Sunday in town, and also Monday.

F. H. Reed of Clermont was a welcome caller at this office Friday last.

Hon. T. F. Richmond visited Bradford yesterday on legal business.

Lynn Hopper of Belmont, N. Y., is visiting his parents in this place.

J. J. Robarts of Ceres was in town yesterday and made us a pleasant call.

John Troy of Olean was a business visitor in town the forepart of the week.

Victor Bouton, who is attending Dickenson Law School, was the guest of his parents over Sunday.

Installation of Officers.

Brown Hive, No. 28, L. O. T. M., publicly installed the following officers. The affair was a most enjoyable social event, reflecting great credit upon the organization. Over one hundred and twenty guests were served with delicious refreshments. Past commander, Mrs. Carrie Pattison; lady commander, Mrs. F. L. Pierce; lieutenant commander, Mrs. Green; record keeper, Mrs. Will Holder; assistant, Mrs. M. Eagan; sergeant, Mrs. A. Kidder; sentinel, Mrs. Wilkinson; picket, Mrs. Gerritt; mistress at arms, Mrs. T. F. Hungiville. Mrs. Wm. Provin was installing officer for the evening. A fine musical and literary program was rendered.

Candidate For Constable.

I wish to announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of Constable of Keating township. Owing to the failure of holding a caucus in the Third District of Keating township I believe myself to have been denied the nomination on the Democratic ticket. In making this independent announcement I wish it understood that I bear no malice, but that unfortunate circumstances deprived me of the regular nomination and by the advice of friends I take this step with the hope it will prove agreeable to all my supporters.

GARDNER CALLE.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

For Sale.

A cutter in first class condition as good as new. Call on

G. E. Rumsey,
Smethport, Pa.

Dog muzzles, all sizes at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

FRY & HERZOG

Arrow Brand Collars. Monarch Shirts.

GREAT SHIRT SALE.

In order to clear our shelves for spring goods soon to arrive we offer the balance of our superb stock of

MONARCH STIFF BOSOM SHIRTS

at such substantial reductions that this must occur to you as a time for the immediate supplying of your present and future shirt needs.

No need to do a lot of arguing for Monarch Shirts—everybody knows they represent the BEST in ready-to-wear shirts. Best in fit, best in style, best in laundry, proof colors, the equal of any custom-made shirt you ever had on your back.

They're new goods, made to our order for the present season's selling, and there are no better styles to be had anywhere at any price.

Neckbands 14 to 17. Sleeves 30 to 33.

The Dollar Grade during this sale - - - 75c.

The Dollar fifty Grade during this sale - - - $1.15.

'Twould be economy to lay in a half dozen.

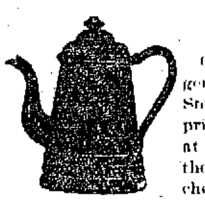
Displayed on the center tables,

FRY & HERZOG.

IMPORTED STRANSKY-STEEL WARE.

QUADRUPLE COATED.

A little higher in price, but outlasts a dozen pieces of so-called cheap enameled ware.



BEWARE!

Other ware looks like it, but the genuine has the name Stransky-Steel Ware on each piece. Do not be deceived. First prize at sixteen International Exhibitions. Highest award at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. Preferred by the best cooking authorities, certified to by the most famous chemists for purity and durability. it is cheapest, because

BEST.

Remember, this celebrated enameled ware is especially imported for us. It does not rust nor absorb grease; does not color nor catch inside; is not affected by acid in fruits or vegetables; will boil, stew, roast and bake without imparting flavor of previous cooked food, and will last for years. On account of the great durability of imported Stransky-Steel ware, it is really cheaper than the cheapest.

We caution the public against imitations.

IS YOUR HEALTH

worth considering? Have you ever noticed a peculiar taste to your food? The enamel on cheap utensils gradually crumbles off, is mixed with the food and actually eaten. Cheap enameled ware is used up in a few months. Imported Stransky Steel Ware lasts for years.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

VALENTINES

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT EVER SHOWN IN SMETHPORT.

Call and See Them

PRETTY ONES AND HOMELY ONES,
VALENTINES FOR "HER,"
VALENTINES FOR "HIM,"
VALENTINES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,
VALENTIOES FOR EVERYBODY.

ALL PRICES

MARY L. BISETT,
5 & 10 CENT STORE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

The Big Double Clothing Store

With the small prices

IKE SIMONS
46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.
The Big Double Clothing Store.

LEUCORRHOEA AND ALL Diseases of Women POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY MEDICONES

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SATISFACTORY TREATMENT KNOWN, One Month's Supply $1.00 Samples Free. MEDICONE Co. Hornellsville, N.Y.

Redfield's Monday Helpers.

FOUR THINGS that are necessary to make that day's work a little lighter—to prevent in a measure that "Blue Feeling" which is encouraged by poor washing materials.

A GOOD WRINGER is a cheap Wringer. It is not only more durable, but ours with pure soft rubber rolls wrings dry and saves the buttons. We warrant them for a period of three or five years, depending upon the rubber. You know that it is "all in the rubber."

NO LEAKS in our best Charcoal Tin Boilers. They are made to wear and do wear. As in everything else, we aim to give our customers the best boilers that we can buy, at reasonable prices. We also carry a large line of COPPER BOILERS. These though they cost more than the tin are the best boilers to buy. They will more than make up the difference in the price in the length of time they will outlast the tin. Possibly you have a good copper boiler that requires a new bottom; bring it in; we can make it as good as new.

NO HOOPS to drop off when you have galvanized steel tub. You can leave it out in the sun and weather and it will not go to pieces. With our wringer attachment any wringer can be used on it. We have also the old fashioned wooden ones if you prefer that kind.

IMPROVED WASHBOARDS are being added to our stock from time to time. At present we have one made of galvanized steel, with board on either side; nothing about it to rust or corrode. Cheaper ones if you want that kind.

Redfield's Hardware,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Subscribe for the MINER.

—Lent commences next Wednesday.

—Next week Friday is St. Valentine's day.

—The new laundry is nearing completion.

—Remember the dance at the hose house next Saturday night.

—Jeffries and Fitzsimmons will undoubtedly soon be matched for a fight to the finish.

—Miss Mollie King entertains friends at cards this afternoon at her home on Main street.

—Galeton leads all other districts in Potter county in the number of births during the past year.

—Mrs. W. P. Mulhern entertained a large party of friends at her home on Pine street last night.

—The MINER has been awarded the contract for printing the ballots for the county's spring election.

—P. H. Dougherty, the Bolivar ball tosser, has signed with the Boston team of the American league for next season.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett tells you of her mammoth stock of valentines in a new advertisement this week. The goods are fresh and pretty and prices are away down.

—The well-known T. J. Gilbert now has a "handle" to his name, that of "Colonel." He is on the road in the interests of Redfield's magazine.—Potter Enterprise.

—Hon. Whitelaw Reed has invited Miss Alice Roosevelt, eldest daughter of the President, to accompany him to London as his guest when he goes to attend the coronation of King Edward.

—A burglar entered the house of L. G. Cleveland at Scranton Sunday night, chloroformed Mrs. Cleveland and then cut off her beautiful black hair close to the head. Nothing else was stolen.

—It is announced that owing to the shortage of gas one of the American Window Glass plants at Hazelhurst has shut down. The employes will be eagerly welcomed by other factories.

—The suit in equity brought by Edward G. Bachtell against F. W. Davis and George H. Mills, trustee, has been decided in favor of the defendants by Judge Morrison, before whom the case was argued.

—The employes of the Pennsylvania are looking forward to the next pay day which occurs on the 15th inst., with much pleasure, as it will mark the advent of the month wherein they will receive their increase of wages.

—Some of our citizens are asking for wider sidewalks in the business portion of town. It has been suggested that the council should pass an ordinance for at least six-foot sidewalks between the court house and the Wright House.

—Because a man happens to have a grudge against a father it is no sign that he should vent his spite on the son. The editor of the Port Allegany Reporter will undoubtedly understand who we have reference to.—Kane Republican.

—The grand lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. O. F., will be entertained in Erie, May 19 to 22 inclusive. Arrangements are being made for the accommodation of about 4,000 Odd Fellows, who are expected in attendance at the ceremonies.

—The MINER received an interesting letter last week from Rex Gorton, who is in the U. S. Marine Service and at present stationed at Washington, D. C. Rex says he likes the service and is also pleased with the weekly visits of the MINER.

—After praying for forty years for a baby, a New Jersey couple placed a small want ad in a newspaper and that same night a bouncing boy was left on their doorstep. Prayer is all right if you are not in a hurry, but for quick results use printers' ink.—Ex.

—Will Bannon, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bannon of Congress street, has returned from Philadelphia, where he has been under the care of physicians during the past month. He is suffering with appendicitis and will shortly undergo an operation in this city.—Bradford Era.

—Lincoln anniversary service at the Methodist church next Sunday morning, having special reference to "The Debt of Church and State to the Illiterate Whites and Colored People of the South." Gospel service in the evening with special music by a male quartette composed of James Kelly, Alfred Fairfield, John Hart and Peter B. Kelly.

—Redfield's Magazine for February is on our desk. It is a bright number. This popular periodical is making rapid strides in the matter of circulation and excellence, and it deserves all good fortune for it is easily the leading 5 cent magazine on the market

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 12th, at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 4:15 p. m. Services during Lent, on Wednesdays at 9 a. m. and on Fridays at 9 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—The Potter Democrat says that the proposed lighting of the streets of Smethport may have an effect on the lantern market. No, this borough does not intend to adopt Coudersport's jack-o'lantern method of street illumination. Besides last season's pumpkin crop was a failure.

—Hand-painted stockings are the newest Parisian fad. While sewing girls wear an eight cent article wealthy women indulge in coverings costing $400 per leg. Valuable pearls and emeralds decorate the swellest patterns. We would be pleased to see them in Smethport.

—Levi Mattice, a well-known farmer of Steuben county, N. Y., whose home was near Hattsburg, died in his sleigh the other day while driving to that village. The horse continued steadily on his way till he reached the village, with the body of his dead driver still seated in the sleigh.

—Coudersport has one bachelor, whose life of singleness certainly cannot be attributed to a lack of the necessary amount of nerve to propose. On the occasion of a recent entertainment the bachelor, according to his own words, escorted five grass widows to the place of amusement.—Enterprise.

—Bear Fordonski, one of Bradford's most widely known and highly respected citizens, died at his home in that city last Thursday morning. For many years he had conducted a liquor store and possessed of unusual business qualifications he was successful. His death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

—Chief of Police Stryker to-day received a letter from John H. Bennett of Austin, Minn., asking for information regarding one of the men who was killed in a railroad accident at Cross Fork, Potter county, January 22. The man's name was William Bennett, and the Minnesota man thinks he may have been his brother, William Abel Bennett, from whom he had not heard for some time, but who at last accounts was somewhere in Pennsylvania.—Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

My stock of robes and blankets is complete. No better line was ever shown in Smethport. CHARLES LEMMLER.

Now is the time to buy your robes and blankets, and Lemmler's is the place to buy them.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

FRESH EGGS.

FRESH EVERY DAY

Fresh Eggs or anything else in groceries always in stock at Shepard & Gallup's.

A pure line of staple and fancy groceries and all household supplies constantly on hand.

Try Clover Hill brand butter; we sell and guarantee it.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

FARMERS

should have a nest egg with a strong, safe bank — something to fall back on when crops fail. That means a savings account with this bank. You can begin with a dollar and bank by mail as easily as if you lived in Pittsburgh.

Established 1862. $9,000,000 Deposits. 26,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when you write, and we'll mail a valuable booklet on Money Making.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS,
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SEVENTH MAN

BY——
"Q"

Copyright, 1902, by
A. T. Quiller-Couch

IN a one room hut high within the arctic circle and only a little south of the eightieth parallel six men were sitting much as they had sat evening after evening for months. They had a clock, and by it they divided the hours into day and night. As a matter of fact, it was always night, but the clock said 8:30, and they called the time evening.

The hut was built of logs, with an inner skin of rough match boarding daubed with pitch. It measured 17 feet by 11, but opposite the door four bunks, two above and two below, took a yard off the length, and this made the interior exactly square. Each of these bunks had two doors, with brass latches on the inner side, so that the owner, if he chose, could shut himself up and go to sleep in a sort of cupboard; but, as a rule, he closed one of them only, that by his feet. The other swung back with its brass latch showing. The men kept these latches in a high state of polish.

Across the angle of the wall, to the left of the door and behind it when it opened, three hammocks were slung, one above another. No one slept in the uppermost.

But the feature of the hut was its fireplace, and this was merely a square hearthstone raised slightly above the floor in the middle of the room. Upon this, a growing mountain of soft gray ash, the fire burned always. It had no chimney, and so the men lost none of its warmth. The smoke ascended steadily and spread itself under the blackened beams and roof boards in dense blue layers. But about eighteen inches below the spring of the roof there ran a line of small trapdoors with sliding panels to admit the cold air, and below these the room was almost clear of smoke. A newcomer's eyes might have smarted, but these men stitched their clothes and read in comfort. To keep the updraft steady they had plugged every chink and crevice in the match boarding below the trapdoors with moss and payed the seams with pitch. The fire they fed from a stack of drift and wreck wood piled to the right of the door, and fuel for the fetching strewed the frozen beach outside. Whole trees notched into lengths by lumberers' axes and washed thither from they knew not what continent. But the wreck wood came from their own ship, the J. R. MacNeill, which had brought them from Dundee.

They were Alexander Williamson of Dundee, better known as the Gaffer; David Faed, also of Dundee; George Lashman of Cardiff; Long Ede of Hayle, in Cornwall; Charles Silvester, otherwise the Snipe, of Ratcliff highway, or thereabouts, and Daniel Cooney, shipped at Tromsø six weeks before the wreck, an Irish American by birth and of no known address.

The Gaffer reclined in his bunk reading by the light of a smoky and evil smelling lamp. He had been mate of the J. R. MacNeill and was now captain as well as patriarch of the party. He possessed three books—the Bible, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and an odd volume of "The Turkish Spy." Just now he was reading "The Turkish Spy." The lamplight glinted on the rim of his spectacles and on the silvery hairs in his beard, the slack of which he had tucked under the edge of his blanket. His lips moved as he read, and now and then he broke off to glance mildly at Faed and the Snipe, who were busy beside the fire with a greasy pack of cards, or to listen to the peevish grumbling of Lashman in the bunk below him. Lashman had taken to his bed six weeks before with scurvy and complained incessantly, and, though they hardly knew it, these complaints were wearing his comrades' nerves to fiddle strings, doing the mischief that cold and bitter hard work and the cruel loneliness had failed to do. Long Ede lay stretched by the fire in a bundle of skins, reading in his only book, the Bible, open now at the Song of Solomon. Cooney had finished patching a pair of trousers and rolled himself in his hammock, whence he stared at the roof and the moonlight streaming up there through the little trapdoors and chivying the layers of smoke. Whenever Lashman broke out into fresh quaverings of self pity Cooney's hands opened and shut again till the nails dug hard into the palm. He groaned at length, exasperated beyond endurance:

"Oh, stow it, George! Dash it all, man"—

He checked himself sharp and short, repentant and rebuked by the silence of the others. They were good seamen all, and tender dealing with a sick shipmate was part of their code.

Lashman's voice, more querulous than ever, cut into the silence like a knife:

"That's it. You've thought it for weeks, an' now you say it. I've knowed it all along. I'm just an encumbrance, an' the sooner you're shut of me the better, says you. You needn't to fret. I'll be soon out of it—out of it—out there alongside of Bill"—

"Easy there, matey!" The Snipe glanced over his shoulder and laid his cards face downward. "Here, let me give the bed a shakeup. It'll ease you."

"It'll make me quiet, you mean. Plucky deal you care about easin' me, any of you!"

"Get out with your nonsense! Dan didn't mean it." The Snipe slipped an arm under the invalid's head and rearranged the pillow of skins and gunny bags.

"He didn't, didn't he? Let him say it, then."

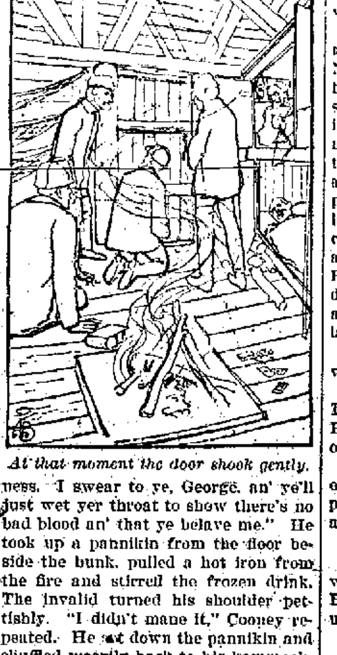
The Gaffer read on, his lips moving silently. Heaven knows how he had acquired this strayed and stained and filthy little demi octavo with the arms of Saumarez on its book plate: "The sixth volume of letters writ by a Turkish spy, who lived five and forty years undiscovered at Paris, giving an impartial account to the divan at Constantinople of the most remarkable transactions of Europe and discovering several intrigues and secrets of the Christian courts, especially of that of France," etc.; "written originally in Arabick, translated into Italian and from thence into English by the translator of the first volume. The eleventh edition. London: Printed for G. Strahan, S. Ballard" and a score of booksellers, "MDCCXLI." Heaven knows why he read it, since he understood about one-half and admired less than one-tenth. The oriental reflections struck him as mainly blasphemous. But the Gaffer's religious belief marked down nine-tenths of mankind for perdition, which perhaps made him tolerant. At any rate, he read on gravely between the puffs of his short clay:

"On the 19th of this moon the king and the whole court were present at a ballet representing the grandeur of the French monarchy. About the middle of the entertainment there was an antique dance performed by twelve masqueraders in the supposed form of demons. But before they had advanced far in their dance they found an interloper among them, who by increasing the number to thirteen put them quite out of their measures, for they practice every step and motion beforehand till they are perfect. Being abashed, therefore, at the marvelable blunders the thirteenth antique made them, they stood still like fools, gazing at one another, none daring to unmask or speak a word, for that would have put all the spectators into disorder and confusion. Cardinal Mazarini, who was the chief contriver of these entertainments, to divert the king from more serious thoughts, stood close by the young monarch with the scheme of the ballet in his hand. Knowing, therefore, that this dance was to consist of but twelve antiques and taking notice that there were actually thirteen, he at first imputed it to some mistake, but afterward, when he perceived the confusion of the dancers, he made a more narrow inquiry into the cause of the disorder. To be brief, they convinced the cardinal that it could be no error of theirs by a kind of demonstration, in that they had but twelve antique dresses of that sort, which were made on purpose for this particular ballet. That which made it seem the greater mystery was [illegible] late [illegible] to undress and examine the matter they found but twelve antiques, whereas on the stage there were thirteen."

"Let him say it! Let him say he didn't mean it, the [illegible]!" he shrieked.

Cooney flung a leg wearily over the side of his hammock, jerked himself out and shuffled across to the sick man's berth.

"Av coorse I didn't mane it. It just took me, ye see, lyin' up yondher an' huggin' me thoughts in this—wilderness. I swear to ye, George, an' ye'll just wet yer throat to show there's no bad blood an' that ye beleve me." He took up a pannikin from the floor beside the bunk, pulled a hot iron from the fire and stirred the frozen drink. The invalid turned his shoulder pettishly. "I didn't mane it," Cooney repeated. He set down the pannikin and shuffled wearily back to his hammock.



At that moment the door shook gently.

The Gaffer blew a long cloud and stared at the fire; at the smoke mounting and the gray ash dropping, dropping; at David Faed dealing the cards and licking his thumb between each. Long Ede shifted from one cramped elbow to another and pushed his Bible nearer the blaze, murmuring, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our vines."

"Full hand," the Snipe announced.

"Aye." David Faed rolled the quid in his cheek. The cards were so thumbed and tattered that by the backs of them each player guessed pretty shrewdly what the other held. Yet they went on playing night after night, the Snipe shrilly blessing or cursing his luck, the Scotchman phlegmatic as a bolster.

"Play away, man! What ails you?" he asked.

The Snipe had dropped both hands to his thighs and sat up, stiff and listening.

"Whist—outside the door!"

All listened. "I hear nothin'," said David after ten seconds.

"Hush, man, listen! There, again!"

They heard now. Cooney slipped down from his hammock, stole to the door and listened crouching, with his ear close to the jamb. The sound resembled breathing, or so he thought for a moment. Then it seemed rather as if some creature were softly feeling about the door, softly fumbling its coating of ice and frozen snow.

Cooney listened. They all listened. Usually as soon as they stirred from the scorching circle of the fire their breath came from them in clouds. It trickled from them now in thin wisps of vapor. They could almost hear the soft gray ash dropping on the hearth.

A log spluttered. Then the invalid's voice chattered in:

"It's the bears—the bears! They've come after Bill, an' next it'll be my turn. I warned you—I told you he wasn't deep enough. O Lord, have mercy—mercy!" He pattered off into a prayer, his voice and teeth chattering.

"Hush!" commanded the Gaffer gently, and Lashman choked on a sob.

"It ain't bears," Cooney reported still with his ear to the door. "Leastwise we've had bears before. The foxes maybe. Let me listen."

Long Ede murmured, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes."

"I believe you're right," the Gaffer announced cheerfully. "A bear would sniff louder, though there's no tellin'. The snow was fallin' an hour back, an' I dessay 'tis pretty thick outside. If 'tis a bear, we don't want him foolin' on the roof, an' I misdoubt the drift by the north corner is pretty tall by this time. Is he there still?"

"I felt somethin' then through the chink here like a warm breath. It's gone now. Come here, Snipe, an' listen."

"Breath, eh? Did it smell like beer?"

"I don't know. I didn't smell nothin' to notice. Here, put your head down close."

The Snipe bent his head, and at that moment the door shook gently. All stared and saw the latch move up, up, and falteringly descend on the staple. They heard the click of it.

The door was secured within by two stout bars. Against these there had been no pressure. The men waited in a silence that ached, but the latch was not lifted again.

The Snipe, kneeling, looked up at Cooney. Cooney shivered and looked at David Faed. Long Ede, with his back to the fire, slowly shook his feet free of the skins. His eyes searched for the Gaffer's face. [illegible] the old man had [illegible] the place of his bunk, and [illegible] a gray [illegible]. He saw Long Ede's look, [illegible] answered it quietly. [illegible]

"Take a [illegible] fetch us a [illegible]. If there's a chance of a shot. The trap works. I [illegible] the cold [illegible] closed."

Long Ede [illegible] down [illegible] Bill [illegible] a roof [illegible] his arm [illegible] and shoulder [illegible] grew vague to sight [illegible]. Heard [illegible] since," [illegible] the Snipe. With his shoulder [illegible] up the trap. They saw [illegible] a patch of moonlight [illegible] star above it. He was wriggling through. "Pack him up [illegible]," the Gaffer ordered, and Cooney ran with one. "Thank'ee, mates," said Long Ede and closed the trap.

They heard his feet stealthily crunching the frozen stuff across the roof. He was working toward the eaves overlapping the door. Their breath tightened. They waited for the explosion of his gun. None came. The crunching began again. It was heard down by the very edge of the eaves. It mounted to the blunt ridge overhead. Then it ceased.

"He will not have seen aught," David Faed muttered.

"Listen, you. Listen by the door again." They talked in whispers. Nothing—there was nothing to be heard. They crept back to the fire and stood there warming themselves, keeping their eyes on the latch. It did not move. After awhile Cooney slipped off to his hammock; Faed to his bunk, alongside Lashman's. The Gaffer had picked up his book again. The Snipe laid a couple of logs on the blaze and remained beside it, cowering, with his arms stretched out as if to embrace it. His shapeless shadow wavered up and down on the bunks behind him, and across the fire he still stared at the latch.

Suddenly the sick man's voice quavered out:

"It's not him they want. It's Bill. They're after Bill out there. That was Bill tryin' to get in. Why didn't you open? It was Bill, I tell you."

At the first word the Snipe had wheeled right about face and stood now pointing and shaking like a man with ague.

"Matey, for the love of God"—

"I won't hush! There's somethin' wrong here tonight. I can't sleep. It's Bill, I tell you. See his poor hammock up there shakin'."

Cooney tumbled out with an oath and a thud. "Hush it, ye white livered swine. Hush it, or by"— His hand went behind him to his knife sheath.

"Dan Cooney"—the Gaffer closed his book and leaned out—"go back to your bed!"

"I won't, sir, not unless"—

"Go back!"

"Flesh and blood"—

"Go back!" And for the third time that night Cooney went back.

The Gaffer leaned a little farther over the ledge and addressed the sick man.

"George, I went to Bill's grave not six hours agone. The snow on it wasn't even disturbed. Neither beast nor man, but only God, can break up the hard earth he lies under. I tell you that, an' you may lay to it. Now go to sleep."

* * * * * * *

Long Ede crouched on the frozen ridge of the hut, with his feet in the sleeping bag, his knees drawn up and the two guns laid across them. The creature, whatever its name, that had tried the door was nowhere to be seen, but he determined to wait a few minutes on the chance of a shot—that is, until the cold should drive him below. For the moment the clear tingling air was doing him good. The truth was Long Ede had begun to be afraid of himself and the way his mind had been running for the last forty-eight hours upon green fields and visions of spring. As he put it to himself, something inside his head was melting. Biblical texts chattered within him like running brooks, and as they fleeted he could almost smell the brown meadow scent. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for our vines have tender grapes. * * * A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. * * * Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; * * * blow upon my garden, that the spice thereof may flow out." He was light headed, and he knew it. He must hold out. They were all going mad—were, in fact, three parts crazed already, all except the Gaffer, and the Gaffer relied on him as his right hand man. One glimpse of the returning sun, a glimpse only, might save them yet.

He gazed out over the frozen hills and northward across the ice pack. A few streaks of pale violet, the ghost of the aurora, fronted the moon. He could see for miles. Bear or fox, no living creature was in sight. But who could tell what might be hiding behind any one of a thousand hummocks? He listened. He heard the slow grinding of the ice pack off the beach—only that. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes."

This would never do. He must climb down and walk briskly or return to the hut. Maybe there was a bear, after all, behind one of the hummocks, and a shot, or the chance of one, would scatter his head clear of these tomfooling notions. He would have a search round.

What was that moving on a hummock not 500 yards away? He leaned forward at gaze.

Nothing now, but he had seen something. He lowered himself to the eaves by the north corner and from the eaves to the drift piled there. The drift was frozen solid but for a treacherous crust of fresh snow. His foot slipped upon this, and down he slid in a heap.

Luckily he had been careful to sling the guns tightly at his back. He picked himself up and, unstrapping one, took a step into the bright moonlight to examine the nipples, took two steps and stood stock still.

There before him on the frozen coat of snow was a footprint—no, two, three, four, many footprints, prints of a naked human foot—right foot, left foot, both naked, and blood in each print, a little smear.

It had come, then. He was mad for certain. He saw them. He put his fingers in them, touched the frozen blood. The snow before the door was trodden thick with them, some going, some returning.

"The latch lifted!" Suddenly he recalled the figure he had seen moving upon the hummock, and with a groan he turned and gave chase. Oh, he was mad for certain! He ran like a madman, floundering, slipping, plunging, in his clumsy moccasins. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes. * * * My beloved [illegible]

He [illegible] yards may be, and then stopped as suddenly as he had started.

His mates. They must not see these footprints or they would go mad, too, mad as he. No; he must cover them up, all within sight of the hut, and tomorrow he would come along and cover those farther afield. Slowly he retraced his steps. The footprints, those which pointed toward the hut and those which pointed away from it, lay close together, and he knelt before each, breaking fresh snow over the hollows and carefully hiding the blood. And now a great happiness filled his heart, interrupted once or twice as he worked by a feeling that some one was following and watching him. Once he turned northward and gazed, making a telescope of his hands. He saw nothing and fell again to his long task.

Within the hut the sick man cried softly to himself. Faed, the Snipe and Cooney slept uneasily and muttered in their dreams. The Gaffer lay awake, thinking. After Bill, George Lashman, and after George, who next? And who would be the last, the unburied one? The men were weakening fast, their wits and courage coming down at the last with a rush. Faed and Long Ede were the only two to be depended on for a day. The Gaffer liked Long Ede, who was a religious man. Indeed he had a growing suspicion that Long Ede, in spite of some amiable laxities of belief, was numbered among the elect, or might be if interceded for. The Gaffer began to intercede for him silently, but experience had taught him that such wrestlings to be effective must be noisy, and he dropped off to sleep with a sense of failure.

The Snipe stretched himself, yawned and awoke. It was 7 in the morning, time to prepare a cup of tea. He tossed an armful of logs on the fire, and the noise awoke the Gaffer, who at once inquired for Long Ede. He had not returned. "Go up to the roof. The lad must be frozen." The Snipe climbed the ladder, pushed open the trap and came back, reporting that Long Ede was nowhere to be seen. The old man slipped a jumper over his suits of clothing, already three deep, reached for a gun and moved to the door. "Take a cup of somethin' warm to fortify," the Snipe advised. "The kettle won't be five minutes boilin'." But the Gaffer pushed up the heavy bolts and dragged the door open.

"Here, bear a hand, lads!"

Long Ede lay prone before the threshold, his outstretched hands almost touching it, his moccasins already covered out of sight by the powdery snow which ran and trickled incessantly, trickled between his long, disheveled locks and over the back of his gloves and ran in a thin stream past the Gaffer's feet.

They carried him in and laid him on a heap of skins by the fire. They forced rum between his clinched teeth and beat his hands and feet and kneaded and rubbed him. A sigh fluttered on his lips, something between a sigh and a smile, half seen, half heard. His eyes opened, and they saw that it was really a smile.

"What cheer, mate?" It was the Snipe who asked.

"I—I seen"— The voice broke off, but he was smiling still.

What had he seen? Not the sun, surely. By the Gaffer's reckoning the sun would not be due for a week or two yet, how many weeks he could not say precisely, and sometimes he was glad enough that he did not know.

They forced him to drink a couple of spoonfuls of rum and wrapped him up warmly. Every man contributed some of his own bedding. Then the Gaffer called to morning prayers, and the three sound men dropped on their knees with him. Now, whether by reason of their joy at Long Ede's recovery or because the old man was in splendid voice, they felt their hearts uplifted that morning with a cheerfulness they had not known for months. Long Ede lay and listened dreamily while the passion of the Gaffer's thanksgiving shook the hut. His gaze wandered over their bowed forms. "The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan Cooney, the Snipe and George Lashman in the bunk, of course, and me." But, then, who was the seventh? He began to count. "There's myself, Lashman in the bunk, David Faed, the Gaffer, the Snipe, Dan Cooney—one, two, three, four—well, but that made seven. Then who was the seventh? Was it George, who had crawled out of bed and was kneeling there? Decidedly there were five kneeling. No; there was George, plain enough, in his berth and not able to move. Then who was the stranger? Wrong again. There was no stranger. He knew all of these men. They were his mates. Was it Bill? No; Bill was dead and buried. None of these was Bill or like Bill. Try again—one, two, three, four, five, and us two sick men—seven. The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan Cooney—have I counted Dan twice? No; that's Dan yonder to the right and only one of him. Five men kneeling and two on their backs—that makes seven every time. Dear God, suppose"—

The Gaffer ceased, and in the act of rising from his knees he caught sight of Long Ede's face. While the others fetched their breakfast cans he stepped over and bent and whispered:

"Tell me, you've seen w[illegible]?"

"Seen?" Long Ede echoed.

"Aye, seen what? Speak low. Was it the sun?"

"The s—" But this time the echo died on his lips, and his face grew full of awe [illegible]. It frightened the Gaffer.

"You'll be the better for a snatch of sleep," said he and was turning to go when Long Ede stirred a hand under the edge of his rugs.

"Seven—count," he whispered.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" the Gaffer muttered through his beard as he moved away. "Long Ede gone crazed!"

And yet, though an hour or two ago this was the worst that could have befallen, the Gaffer felt unusually cheerful. As for the others, they were like different men all that day and through the three days that followed. Even [illegible] the Snipe [illegible] on the second evening, as much to his own wonder as to theirs.

"Then why in thunder don't ye strike up?" answered Dan Cooney and fetched his concertina. The Snipe struck up then and there "Villikins and His Dinah." What is more, the Gaffer looked up from his "Paradise Lost" and joined in the chorus.

By the end of the second day Long Ede was up and around again. He went about with a dazed look in his eyes. He was counting, counting to himself, always counting. The Gaffer watched him furtively.

Since his recovery, though his lips moved frequently, Long Ede had scarcely uttered a word, but toward noon on the fourth day he said an extraordinary thing:

"There's that sleepin' bag I took with me the other night. I wonder if 'tis on the roof still. It will be froze pretty stiff by this. You might nip up an' see, Snipe, an' "—he paused—"if you find it stow it up yonder on Bill's hammock."

The Gaffer opened his mouth, but shut it again without speaking. The Snipe went up the ladder.

A minute passed, and then they heard a cry from the roof, a cry that fetched them all, trembling, choking, weeping, cheering, to the foot of the ladder.

"Boys, boys, the sun!"

* * * * * * *

Months later—it was June, and even George Lashman had recovered his strength—the Snipe came running with news of the whaling fleet, and on the beach, as they watched the vessels come to anchor, Long Ede told the Gaffer his story: "It was a hall—a hallu—what d'you call it, I reckon. I was crazed, eh?" The Gaffer's eyes wandered from a brambling hopping about the lichen covered bowlders and away to the sea fowl wheeling above the ships, and then came into his mind a tale he had read once in "The Turkish Spy."

"I wouldn't say just that," he answered slowly.

"Anyway," said Long Ede, "I believe the Lord sent a miracle to us to save us all."

"I wouldn't say just that either," the Gaffer objected. "I doubt it was meant just for you an' me an' the rest were presairved, as you say, incedently."

Repartee of George III.

George III. once gave a hard hit at Lord Kenyon, one of the most uncomfortable noblemen in the English court. He came into the royal presence one day in great excitement and, seeing the surprise depicted on the face of the monarch, said in self defense:

"I have lost my temper."

The king was quick at repartee and without waiting for the explanation which was to follow said:

"I congratulate you. I hope you will find a better one, for your old one was the worst I ever knew."

The courtiers laughed, and even Lord Kenyon could not hold out against the general merriment.

An Eruption of the Skin

may result from internal or external causes, but whatever the cause or effect the remedy is here. In our stock of

Drugs & Medicines

there is a complete line of all skin Emollients and purifying medicines. Among these our preparation for

CHAPPED HANDS

stands at the head. It is a positive relief for this and other irritations of the skin.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Legal Notice.

In re Estate of Polly Parker, [illegible] minor child of Noah H. Parker, late of [illegible] township, deceased. [illegible] No. 4, February Term, 1902.

In the matter of the petition of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of said minor, praying the said court to [illegible] the sum of three dollars per week upon the real estate of said decedent, situate within said county, [illegible] of the executors of said decedent, subject to the rights of [illegible] Kightlinger, widow thereof, and also praying said court to appoint a suitable trustee to take charge of said fund in the hands of said executors, [illegible] according to the trust [illegible] said decedent [illegible].

ORDER OF COURT.

Now, January 28, 1902, within petition heard [illegible] rule granted [illegible] show cause [illegible] returnable to next argument term, March 10th, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m., notice to be given to widow, devisees and executors by personal service of ten days upon those residing within this State, and upon those living without the State by publication in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER three weeks in succession, the last publication to be at least one week before return day, one copy of the paper containing the notice to be mailed to the last known address of such party.

THOS. A. MORRISON, P. J.

McKean County, ss:
1902, January 28th. Abstract from the record.
[Seal.] GEO. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.
E. R. Mayo & Son, Solicitors for Petitioner.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 137, June Term, 1901.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edward [illegible] Matteson did, on the 4th day of April, 1901, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Jennie M. Matteson.

We therefore command you, the said Jennie M. Matteson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the 4th Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Edward [illegible] Matteson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edward [illegible] Matteson, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 18, October Term, 1901.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, John R. Cowan did, on the 4th day of June, 1901, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Nellie M. Cowan.

We therefore command you, the said Nellie M. Cowan, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of John R. Cowan and show cause, if any you have, why the said John R. Cowan, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 197, June Term, 1901.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Stella J. McKenna did on the 19th day of April, 1901, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph McKenna.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph McKenna that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Stella J. McKenna and show cause, if any you have, why the said Stella J. McKenna, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.
Shaffer & Shaffer, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 143, October Term, 1901.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Buzard did, on the 23rd day of July, 1901, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ralph W. Buzard.

We therefore command you, the said Ralph W. Buzard, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Buzard and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Buzard, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WILLIAM B. CLARKE, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1902.
James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Educate Your Bowels.

Your bowels can be trained as well as your muscles or your brain. Cascarets Candy Cathartic train your bowels to do right. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

The Marriage of Ray Rodriquez

BY MARTIN J. PRITCHARD

Copyright, 1902, by Martin J. Pritchard

THE pale gleams of the western autumn sun flung a radiance like a fine golden dust over the magnificence of the drawing room in the Park lane house of Lopes Rodriquez. Unintercepted, as in high summer, by the leafy trees and by the brilliant striped awnings that during the season had made 150 Park lane so colorful an object in the London landscape, the feeble beams now danced at their will across the limbs of marble nymphs and the chased sides of great silver tazzas and played a merry hide and seek across the sprightly Chelsea figures, the carved ivories and precious pottery that nowadays are considered evidences of taste and style on the part of a wealthy man.

But the great rooms failed the slender shafts of tremulous light [illegible] at the farther end from the lace shrouded windows nothing but the soft reflections flung from the surface of a high screen of old gilt Spanish leather redeemed the surroundings from absolute gloom.

From among luminous shadows came voices. The one was very low and soft, with a slight suggestion of foreign inflection in its notes that roused memories of scented southern airs and burning southern suns. It was evidently the voice of a pretty and a young woman and of one who was more accustomed to appeal than to command. She was pleading now with the plaintive persistence of weak obstinacy.

"Lionel, do be reasonable! Do remember your promise to me. You know you always vowed that I never was to be bound by anything. I never would have listened to you at all if I had thought you had been going to hold me seriously to what you call an engagement. Of course we've always been very fond of one another—all cousins are, I suppose. But you yourself have often said that you were not certain my father would hear of our being married. You must remember that. I do perfectly. And now, just at this time you talk about redeeming my promise and of speaking to my father. You must not think of such things. You must be reasonable."

"It's all very well for you to talk about reason, Ray. I've always counted on getting Uncle Lopes' consent one day or another. You know that I adore you, and I always thought you cared for me."

Lionel Symons' voice was curiously like his cousin's in intonation and in the slightly [illegible] resemblance ended, for the [illegible] of speech and singular twang which so mars the speech of his race was strongly marked with him.

"Cared for you? O Lionel, you know I did—you know I do!" There was a little break in the gentle [illegible] and a [illegible] of a small white hand in the dusk [illegible] pressed her. Miss Rachel Rodriquez moved [illegible] crossing with a slow step to where the sun rays were seeking luxurious depths in a pile of silken pillows strewn [illegible] divan.

Sinking among them, she wrung her hands again in the gentle, lymphatic way that was so characteristic of all her graceful movements.

"But what am I to do? Father will never allow it, and I cannot go against his wishes."

"That means you dare not," said Lionel Symons, who had followed her from the dimness beyond and now looked down on her as she crouched among the cushions.

"Dear, don't say that!" cried the girl rather piteously. "I've never really gone against father in my life, and I could not do it now, even for your sake."

The young man bent over his cousin, a dozen emotions flitting across his face. He was a handsome specimen of his race. The German blood which had come to him through his father had not materially distorted the finely cut features and delicate coloring that pertain to the aristocrats of the tribes, the Spanish Jews. Save, indeed, for his speech and for a certain indefinable flashiness of dress and manner, he might have passed for the most orthodox of Christians. In fact, as his great friend, Hon. Billy Scarsdale, had so frequently and elegantly expressed it, "it was his blooming name that gave the show away."

Just now, however, Mr. Lionel Symons scarcely looked the Christian he fain would have wished to appear. Baffled affections, disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions are scarcely becoming, and the endurance of all three coarsened and hardened his whole face.

"Even for my sake," he echoed bitterly. "I fancy I'm of very small account in your scheme of life, my dear cousin Rachel."

"No, no; it's nothing to do with me. It is father—his ambitions, his schemes."

"By heavens! Then it's no mere caprice of yours, this throwing me aside like a worn glove. There's something more in it. My uncle has designs. He means you to marry another man."

Startled out of her customary composure by her cousin's angry tones, Ray Rodriquez rose to her feet and faced her rejected lover. She was a little pale, for she was nervous and easily frightened, but she held herself proudly, as became one in whose veins the blood of the greatest and oldest of Spanish families ran. She was that most beautiful of creatures, a blond Jewess of pure descent, and if the lack of "new blood" had imparted too much sensitiveness to the full red mouth and drawn the lines of the fruit shaped chin with too delicate a touch compensation was to be found in the glory of the large blue eyes, the delicately aquiline nose and the mass of gold colored hair that hung like wind rippled corn above her lightly pencilled brows. Poor, she would have been an undeniable beauty, but as the only child of Lopes Rodriquez, the great financier, she was a prize well worth the winning.

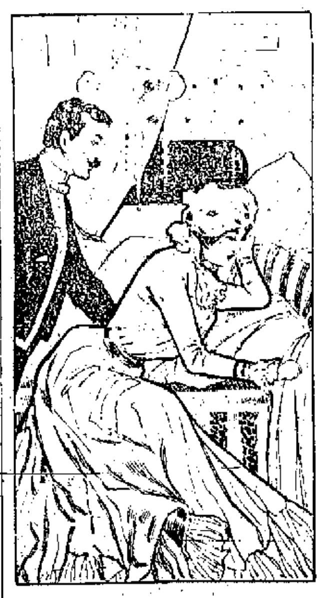
Two years ago Lionel Symons had made up his mind on this point and, profiting by the intimacy of relationship, had made good his claims with his charming cousin, trusting to luck and time to intervene with his Uncle Lopes, of whom, in common with many other more worthy folk, he stood somewhat in awe. So sure, indeed, had he been of the marriage he proposed for himself that, discarding caution, the chiefest attribute of his people, he entered into a course of riotous living and reckless expenditure, which, according to Billy Scarsdale, speedily qualified him "to join the broke brigade, by Jove!"

To that interesting body of smart and ruined young men Lionel Symons had for some months belonged; but, though he found himself in very good company, it was a position which neither his tastes nor temperament called about, and every instinct of the man and the Jew cried aloud for the speedy amelioration of a position which each month grew more unbearable. With a view to that end he had therefore at last endeavored to bring his cousin to a definite admission of her engagement to him and to an arrangement for an immediate marriage.

Miss Rachel Rodriquez's evident desire to get out of the compact which had been made for her at least in her green and salad days gave Mr. Lionel Symons as much surprise as annoyance. He had been and was still certain that his fair cousin loved him with all the strength of her rather yielding nature, and he had depended on this love to give her strength to go through the necessary bad quarter of an hour with Lopes Rodriquez, which interview he had with cowardice mentally relegated to Ray to carry through. Now, however, she seemed so averse from mentioning the matter to her father that he felt instinctively he must face the situation and his uncle himself and urge his own suit.

At the best of times there had been but little love lost between the proud old Spanish Jew, Lopes Rodriquez, and the son of his sister, who had disgraced herself and her family by marrying with a Hamburg merchant of doubtful origin and a name that had developed only by evolution. Since Lionel's earliest youth the old man had looked for and too frequently found characteristics of the low born huckster overriding the instincts of the aristocrat of his dispersed nation, and he had only admitted any degree of intimacy between Ray and his nephew because he imagined that his carefully brought up daughter shared his opinions and would as soon think of permitting a lackey to make love to her as her cousin.

Lionel, who was no fool in a matter which so nearly concerned his own well being in life, had a very shrewd suspicion that his uncle would not permit a marriage between himself and Ray and until today had relied solely on her influence with her father to arrange the affair. But now Ray was failing him, and, worse than that, credit had gone and sundry bills were falling due; also, to do him justice, he had some appreciation of his cousin's beautiful eyes. Small wonder, therefore, as she faced him in the fading light, half proud, half timid and wholly desirable, that his heart went out to her with his hands, and he cried out as he drew her to him:


"That means you dare not," said Lionel.

"Ray, my darling, I won't give you up! No one shall marry you but myself!"

And Ray, with her golden head pillowed on his shoulder and her pretty red mouth close to his, murmured meekly between his ardent kisses: "Lionel, do be more reasonable. You know the thing is impossible."

"The thing is impossible?"

The words rang with persistent iteration in Lionel Symons' ears as an hour later he awaited his uncle Lopes in the great library down stairs. A pair of silver lamps shaded with soft green shed an eerie luminosity over the broad table of carved oak and the quaint high backed chair that stood over it. The apartment was lined from floor to cornice with huge bookcases fronted with brightly polished brass wires that twinkled and glittered where the gentle radiance caught them. Just above the dark oak bookcases gleamed the pale presentments of the great ones of the earth. With their massive brows and firm, set lips, from which in the long ago all the wisdom of the world flowed, they seemed to contemplate with pity and with scorn the young, overdressed man who fidgeted and fumed beneath their inscrutable gaze and wished the interview well over.

"The thing is impossible!"

The fiat had gone forth, and as a rejected suitor and a ruined man Lionel Symons stood before Lopes Rodriquez.

Aristocratic among the aristocrats of his people, the Spanish Jew sat impeccable and unmoved in his big carved chair, the back of which served in the subdued light as a frame from which the splendid head stood out with startling clearness. Only in the sharply cut nose and the finely arched eyebrows was there any likeness to his daughter, but where her skin was lily fair his was drawn and yellow as old parchment, while his eyes were densely black and hard as steel. The lower part of his face was covered by a grizzled beard cut in the formal fashion of Velasquez's time. The crisp hair almost hid the stern mouth, though it scarcely veiled the sardonic smile to which his nephew's evident discomfort gave rise.

"I am to understand, then, sir, that you forbid your daughter's marriage?" were Lionel's first words when he had a little recovered from the cold douche of definite refusal.

"My daughter's marriage with you I certainly forbid, though I should further such a step with a more desirable suitor."

"Really, I hardly know what to make of your insinuations," began Lionel, with a blustering swagger.

"Oh, yes, I think you do," answered Lopes Rodriquez, holding up a slender yellow hand in the lamplight. "But, my nephew, [illegible] my dear sister Maraquita, in case your memory is poor and your [illegible] sincere, I will aid the one and allay the others."

He pulled his chair slightly forward and leaned on his elbows till his high forehead and gleaming eyes shone beneath the full radiance of the silver lamps. With his thin waxen fingers he played with a tiny golden seal, and it was at those restless hands rather than at the cold, impassive face that Lionel Symons stared during his indictment.

"You are a little grieved, Nephew Lionel, at my refusal of your suit. Your chagrin is an honor to my dear daughter, a just tribute to her beauty and her virtue. But to me it seems that you are angered, too, and that your anger is a thing apart from your—shall we say love? Your chagrin touches my child, your anger concerns yourself. I am growing in years now, my nephew, and perhaps have spent too much time in my own rooms at the bank. Yet even there echoes of the great world of fashion and sport and pleasure reach me. I hear strange stories of pretty women and fast men, of the coulisses and the clubs. People talk to me even in business hours of jovial supper parties and settling days at Tattersall's. They tell me about the doings of smart folks up the river, of the card games—baccarat, I think—played in a Yorkshire hunting box last month. Why, I even heard such scraps of gossip as dealt with the last diamond necklace of that singing woman at the Frivolity and the bills that young men sign so readily for one another."

Lionel Symons' bluster ebbed to vanishing point as his uncle, still twirling the seal and smiling quietly, spoke. Only the indomitable perseverance that has carried all his race through the ignominy and scorn of centuries urged him to make one more effort to win Ray and her fortune.

"Sir, consider for one moment the temptations of a young man. You know [illegible] 'have fallen.' Forgive [illegible]"

"Silence!" [illegible] the old man. "Have I not said that I know too much to give you my daughter and my money? Do you want me to speak plainer? My child shall never marry a gamester and a roué; my fortune shall never be spent among loose women and bad men. I have other views for both. Good night!"

A week later Lionel Symons turned in to the Bats' club. The spot well deserved its cognomen, for it was very dull and sleepy during the daytime and only roused up into any sort of liveliness when the electric light was switched on. Lionel had been through a very bad seven days. Two bills for large sums had fallen due and had not been met. Lalage Lightfoot had gone off to Monte Carlo with Jerry Moses and a marvelous new parure of sapphires, the gift of the said Jerry; his tip for the Grand National had proved disastrous, and his letters from duns had been more numerous and urgent than usual. He had been drinking, too, just to help him through the bad hours, and altogether looked as miserable as he felt when he pushed aside the swing doors of the Bats' smoking room.

"Hello, dear boy! Thought you were lost or dead," bawled his fides Achates, Billy Scarsdale.

Hon. William Scarsdale was a pleasing offshoot of the English aristocracy. He was large and loud, had been up to his ears in debt since his Eton days, made a boast of never having entered a lady's drawing room or gone to bed sober for the last ten years, was on the free list of half the theaters and a member of all the night clubs, claimed friendship with every demirep in town and was cut by his father in the street about twice a week.

"Buck up, old chap! You look as though you'd been to your own blooming funeral."

"Perhaps Mr. Symons has been to Monte Carlo," sneered Algie Thurston, who hated Lionel and was quite aware of the gay Lalage's defections.

"Or paid an unsatisfactory morning call on old Solomons. Won't he spring another thou.?"

"He ought, if it's only to let you settle your Grand National account with your pals."

"Can't you leave the man alone?" cried good natured, rowdy Billy. "If he's got the hump about something, give him a drink and don't bother him. Fancy throwing Solomons and crocks that come in last at a man who could buy us all up tomorrow if he liked!"

In his more fuddled moments Billy Scarsdale always persisted that his friend had only to say the word to have command of both Mr. Rodriquez's fortune and daughter.

"Dear me!" drawled in his high pitched voice Mr. Algernon Thurston. "Since when has Mr. Lionel Symons achieved wealth?"

"Achieved fiddlesticks!" snorted Billy over his fifth brandy and soda. "Why the deuce can't you talk like any one else? Dear old Li here can touch for any number of thousands next week, if he likes, and get a jolly pretty girl for a wife thrown in too."

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it. Always pleased to congratulate a man. May one ask who is the lady?"

There was quite a breathless pause in the room, and the Bats gathered with considerable interest round a man who might so soon be within measurable distance of respectable solvency.

Lionel Symons did not answer. He only reeled a little, for the smoke and drink were getting into his head. He also was conscious in a vague way that it was "not the thing" to mention a lady's name in a club. But Billy Scarsdale was troubled with no scruples, and he flung Rachel Rodriquez's name to the grinning crowd as a fox is thrown to hounds.

Through the chorus of "Lucky dog!" and "By Jove!" Mr. Thurston's thin voice cut like a knife.

"I think you're wrong, Billy. Tonight's Pall Mall is authorized to announce Miss Rachel Rodriquez's engagement and immediate marriage to Lord Tregethick."

Lionel Symons was never quite sure how he got away from the Bats and back to his own rooms. He found when he arrived there that he had bought a copy of The Pall Mall and that the announcement of Ray's approaching marriage was certainly in it. Only when he read the lines did he realize how completely he had during all the past troublous week been depending on "something turning up" which would secure to him his cousin and her fortune. And now luck had failed him, for even in the midst of his crushing disappointment he was fain to confess to himself that he had placed small faith in Ray's own yielding and gentle spirit.

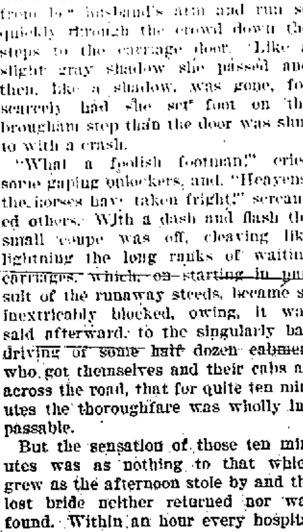
During the weary round of thought that lasted all through that night he found himself unconsciously dwelling on that same weakness in Ray's character. At first everything beat heavily in his brain together, but as the hours went by one idea was formulated out of chaos. Ray had loved him, but in her weakness had denied her love. He had influenced her for months, now it was her father's turn. But why—why should it not be his again? With the light of day his determination grew, and what spur his own courage failed to give was administered by his dire necessities and the more than usually unpleasant morning's post. The marriage must be stopped, and Ray must be his somehow. That was all he knew as after a cold tub he started out for a ride, and this time he determined that wit and not luck should pull the cart out of the mire.

Within a fortnight of the announcement of Ray Rodriquez's marriage the invitations to the wedding were in the hands of her friends, who duly flocked to Park lane to grace the nuptials of an heiress to millions and a "live lord." The town voted the whole entertainment charming, and if the bridegroom was verging on middle age and the bride looked rather pale what did it matter when there were five different sets of jewels, acres of gold plate, a house in Grosvenor square, half a dozen carriages and a truly imperial trousseau to discuss? Besides, pallor became Ray's blond beauty, though she [illegible] when she took [illegible] and looked as though she [illegible] faint.

It must have been her anxiety to get into the open air that made her on reaching the hall door slip her hand from her husband's arm and run so quickly through the crowd down the steps to the carriage door. Like a slight gray shadow she passed and then, like a shadow, was gone, for scarcely had she set foot on the brougham step than the door was shut to with a crash.

"What a foolish footman!" cried some gaping onlookers, and, "Heavens, the horses have taken fright!" screamed others. With a dash and flash the small coupe was off, cleaving like lightning the long ranks of waiting carriages, which, on starting in pursuit of the runaway steeds, became so inextricably blocked, owing, it was said afterward, to the singularly bad driving of some half dozen cabmen, who got themselves and their cabs all across the road, that for quite ten minutes the thoroughfare was wholly impassable.

But the sensation of those ten minutes was as nothing to that which grew as the afternoon stole by and the lost bride neither returned nor was found. Within an hour every hospital and police station was being searched for her maimed body. Then, as no news was forthcoming from those sources, a murmur thrilled through the town:


Light as a spirit and almost as unearthly, she wandered on.

"Was it really an accident, after all?"

At midnight it got about among the clubs that the lost coupe had been found overturned in a ditch on the road to Harrow, with the two horses quietly grazing alongside. The Bats

quez himself, who by deed of gift dispersed among various English and Spanish charities the whole of his vast fortune, thus practically disinheriting his daughter. In the very same papers that gave this very interesting tidbit to the world was a formal notice that Lionel Symons of Jermyn street had been adjudicated bankrupt on the application of Max Solomons, money lender.

The summer was wet and the autumn early. In London the streets were greasy with mud and the squares dank with fallen leaves. In the country the corn rotted in the sodden fields, and the still unstacked hay smelled acrid on the chill autumn air.

It was quite early in an October afternoon, but the low lying clouds and the mists that rose from the soaked earth made the day seem older than it was. A biting, gusty wind was stripping the last poor leaves from the shivering trees as Lopes Rodriquez and Lord Tregethick stepped from a small wayside station in Suffolk and glanced from right to left along the muddy road. The prospect was wretched in the extreme, and both men drew their fur lined coats closer round them.

"The place was to the left, I think three miles on," said Lord Tregethick.

Rodriquez merely bowed his head and strode on along the road. Now that after ten awful months of search for his lost daughter he was within touch of her abiding place the anger against her died suddenly within him, and he, solitary, aged and worn by trouble and disgrace, felt only an ardent longing to see and to forgive his child. So intense, so jealous, grew his love that he almost resented the presence by his side of the wronged husband, the man whose treatment had been worse than his own, whose sufferings had been as great and who had borne the burden of the search, the load of disappointment, with him.

Side by side the two men, so different in character, so opposite in physique, yet so united in grief and shame, labored along the heavy road. The dismal day was dying in a cloud of fine rain as they pulled up before a low door studded with large nails and set in a high wall. There was neither handle, knocker nor bell, and the dripping ivy that made a clammy curtain before it looked strangely undisturbed.

"It must be here. The description"— began Tregethick.

Rodriquez for all answer raised his strong staff of oak and struck the door heavily. The flutter of a startled bird in the ivy curtain and the soft falling of a few splinters alone broke the ensuing silence.

"Strike again," said Tregethick, and the old man struck again and yet once again, each time getting no answer save from the rustle of some frightened wild thing or the whir of a moth's velvety wings.

The wind sobbed in the naked trees like a tired child, and the rain began to splash heavily in the puddles at their feet.

"My God, this suspense is awful!" suddenly cried Tregethick, with a hysterical catch in his voice, and straightway threw his shoulder to the door. The rotten wood crumbled under his weight, and a moment later the rusty hinges yielded with a groan, and the door slid slowly down into the slime of a shallow ditch on the farther side.

Thrusting aside the sticky clinging growth of the thick ivy and brushing from their faces a myriad of crawling sticky creatures, the two men stepped into the domain where they hoped to find her whom they had been seeking so long. Heavens! What a wilderness, with nothing but pools of stagnant water to break the tangle of rank grass and bush and weed that made a wide, thick hedge between themselves and a small square house!

"The house is empty. Let us go!" said Tregethick after one glance at the closely shuttered lower windows and the broken panes of those above. From one of these a sodden wisp of muslin curtain fluttered forlornly. The old man watched it as though it had been the waved hand of his daughter and without words strode on through the undergrowth and ooze. Cut in an angle of the house was a glass door, which yielded at his first touch and gave admittance to a stone paved entry, where already the damp autumn had raised between the flags a tracery of green moss.

"Rodriquez, it's impossible they can be here. Let's get out of this ghastly"—

The words died on Adrian Tregethick's lips, lost in the low croon of a woman's sweet voice which floated like dream music across the foul air of the house.

Yes, it was she, Ray, who was coming through the nearly dark rooms, where the damp trickled in oozy tears down the walls. She wore a white gown, a cheap flimsy thing. She must have walked through the garden in it, for even in the fast growing dusk they could see the green stains and slime of the pools upon the hem. She stepped very slowly, and the pallor of her small white face and the glint of her yellow ruffled hair gleamed uncannily through the gloom. She did not see them, for she was occupied with her little song and in the smoothing out of the jagged end of her faded sash ribbon, which to Lord Tregethick's eyes looked queerly crumpled and torn.

Light as a spirit and almost as unearthly, she wandered on till she came to within a pace of where the two men stood watching her with eyes of pity and alarm.

She looked a little blankly at them, but neither fear nor joy, shame nor relief, disturbed the low music of her voice as she said very quietly:

"Who are you? Do you want Lionel?"—She shook her head and glanced over her shoulder as a frightened child might do. "Hush!" she whispered. "You must be very quiet; he must not be disturbed; he—he's asleep—since yesterday."

Her broken words trailed into silence, but that half tearful, half vacant glance toward a distant door betrayed her to her husband.

With a muttered "Keep her here" and a thrill of horror pulsing through his heart Lord Tregethick slipped past Ray and went through the squalid rooms. As he laid his hands upon the furthest door Ray wailed: "Don't wake him! Please don't! He sleeps so well. I've knocked so often, and he will not hear."

One push forced the frail bolt, and as Tregethick set foot within the pitch dark room a huge gray rat scudded out and pattered away over the dusty floor. Even as he dragged open the creaking shutters he knew what he should see when he faced the room again.

Yes; it was there—an ungainly, huddled heap, with a rusty barreled revolver lying beside it and the frayed rags of a faded silken ribbon clutched in one hand.

After one glance at the dreadful thing he left, pulling the door to behind him and crying out to Rodriquez: "Take her away, anywhere from this!"

Poor Ray! She went very quietly with them; only, as they pushed their way through the wet tangle of the garden, she turned and, waving one hand toward the house, said: "Goodby, my love! Goodby, my heart!"

Neither Rodriquez nor Tregethick ever found out if Lionel Symons had tried to take Ray with him into the great unknown. They are not even sure that she realizes he is dead, for God has been very merciful to her, and the veil that enshrouds her memory is impenetrable.

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A MAN'S A MAN

By Arthur Colton

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COMPANY A was cut up at Antietam so that there was not enough of it left for useful purposes, and Deacon Andrew Terrell became a member of a certain Company G, which nicknamed him "Is Hulliness." Company A came from Dutchess county. There was a little white church in the village of Brewster and a little white house with a meager porch where that good woman, Mrs. Terrell, had stood and shed several tears as the deacon walked away down the street, looking extraordinary in his regimentals. She dried her eyes, settled down to her sewing in that quiet south window and hoped he would remember to keep his feet dry and not lose the cough drops.

The deacon took the cough drops regularly, he kept his gray chin beard trimmed with a pair of domestic scissors and drilling never persuaded him to move his large frame with other than the same self conscious restraint. His sallow face had the same set lines.

But no doorkeeper in the house of God—the deacon's service in the meeting house at Brewster—who should come perforce to dwell in the tents of wickedness would pretend to like it. Besides, Company G had no tents. It came from the lower wards of the great city, and if you take Dinkey Cott, for instance, that thin legged, stunted, imp faced, hardened little Bowery sprout put his left fist in the deacon's eye the first day of their acquaintance and swore for several minutes in the pleasantest manner possible.

And the deacon cuffed him because he had been a schoolmaster in his day and did not understand how he would be despised for knocking Dinkey down in that amateur fashion, and the lieutenant gave them both guard duty for fighting in the ranks.

The deacon declared "that young man Cott hadn't no moral ideas" and did his guard duty in bitterness and strict conscience to the last minute of it. Dinkey put his thumb to his nose and offered to show the lieutenant how the thing should have been done, and the big man laughed, and both forgot about the guard duty.

Dinkey's early recollections had to do with the cobblestones of Mulberry bend and bootblacking on Pearl street. Deacon Terrell's began with a lonely farm, where there were too many potato hills to hoe, a little schoolhouse where arithmetic was taught with a ferule, a white meeting house where the wrath of God was preached with enthusiasm. Both seemed far enough away from the weary tramp, tramp, the picket duty and the camp at last one misty night in thick woods on the Stafford hills, looking over the Rappahannock to the town of Fredericksburg.

What happened there was not clear to Company G. There seemed to be a deal of noise and hurrying about, cannon smoke in the valley and cannon smoke on the terraces across the valley. Somebody was building pontoon bridges, therefore it seemed likely somebody wanted to get across. They were having hard luck with the bridges. That was probably the enemy on the ridge beyond. There seemed to be no end of him, anyway; up and down the valley, mile beyond mile, the same line of wooded heights and drifting smoke.

And the regiment found itself crossing a shaky pontoon bridge on a Saturday morning in the mist and climbing the bank into a most battered and tired looking little town, which was smoldering sulkily with burned buildings and thrilling with enormous noise. There they waited for something else to happen. The deacon felt a lump in his throat, stopping his breath.

"Git out o' me tracks!" snickered Dinkey Cott behind him. "I'll step on yer."

Dinkey had never seemed more impish, unholy and incongruous. They seemed to stand there a long time. The shells kept howling and whizzing around. They howled till they burst and then they whizzed. And now and then some one would cry out and fall. It was bad for the nerves. The men were growling.

"Aw, cap, give us a chance!"

"It ain't my fault, boys. I got to wait for orders, same as you."

Dinkey poked the deacon's legs with the butt of his rifle.

"Say, it's rotten, ain't it? Say, cully, my ma don't like me full o' holes. How's yours?"

The other gripped his rifle tight and thought of nothing in particular.

Was it five hours that passed or twenty or one? Then they started, and the town was gone behind their hurrying feet. Up a steep slope to a stretch of broken level, rushing and tramping and gasping for breath; fences and rocks ahead, clumps of trees and gorges; ground growing rougher and steeper, but that was nothing. If there was anything in the way, you went at it and left it behind. You plunged up a hill and didn't notice it. You dove into a gulley and it wasn't there. Time was a liar, obstacles were scared and ran away. But half way up ran a turnpike, with a stone wall in front that spit fire and came nearer and nearer. It seemed creeping down viciously to meet you. Up, up, till the powder of the guns almost burned the deacon's face and the smoke was so thick he could only see the red flashes.

And then suddenly he was alone. At least there was no one in sight, for the smoke was very thick, Company G all dead or wounded or gone back. There was a clump of brambles to his left. He dropped to the ground, crept behind it and lay still. The roar went on, the smoke rolled down over him, and sometimes a bullet would clip through the brambles, but after a time the small fire dropped off little by little, though the cannon still boomed on.

His legs were numb, and his heart was beating his sides like a drum. The smoke was blowing away down the slope. He lifted his head and peered through the brambles. There was the stone wall not five rods away, all lined along the top with grimy faces. A thousand rifles within as many yards wanting nothing better than to dig a round hole in him. He dropped his head and closed his eyes.

His thoughts were so stunned that the slowly lessening cannonade seemed like a dream, and he hardly noticed when it had ceased, and he began to hear voices, cries of wounded men all down the slope and other men talking up above. There was a clump of trees to the right and two or three crows in the treetops cawing familiarly. An hour or two must have passed, for the sun was down and the river mist creeping up the slope. He lay on his back, staring blankly at the pale sky.

A group of men came down and stood on the rocks above. They could probably see him, but a man on his back with his toes up was nothing particular there. They talked with a soft drawl. "Doggonedest clean up I ever saw."

"They hadn't no business to come up heah, yuh know. They come some distance now."

"Shuh! We ain't huntin' rabbits. What'd yuh suppose?"

Then they went on.

The mist came up white and cold and covered it all over. He could not see the wall any longer, though he could hear the voices. He turned on his face and crawled along below the brambles and rocks to where the clump of trees stood with a deep hollow below them. They were chestnut trees. Some one was sitting in the hollow with his back against the roots.

During the rush up the slopes and terraces Dinkey Cott fairly enjoyed himself. The sporting blood in him sang in his ears an old song that the leopard knows. It may be, waiting in the mottled shadow, that the rider knows on the race course, the hunter in the snow—the song of a craving that only excitement satisfies. The smoke blew down the hill in his face. He went down a hollow and up the other side. Then something hot and sudden came into the middle of him, and he rolled back against the roots of a great tree.

"Hully gee! I'm plunked!" he grumbled disgustedly.

For the time he felt no pain, but his blood ceased to sing in his ears. Everything seemed to settle down around him—blank and dull and angry. He felt as if either the army of the north or the army of the south had not treated him rightly. If they had given him a minute more, he might have clubbed something worth while. He sat up against a tree, wondered what his chance was to pull through, thought it poor and thought he would sell it for a drink.

The firing dropped off little by little, and the mist was coming up. Dinkey began to see sights. His face and hands were hot, and things seemed to be ripoaring inside him generally. The mist was full of flickering lights, which presently seemed to be street lamps down the Bowery. The front windows of Reilly's saloon were glaring, and opposite was Gottstein's jewelry store, where it happened that he hit one Halligan in the eye for saying Babby Reilly was his girl and not Dinkey's, and he bought Babby a ninety cent gold ring of Gottstein, which proved Halligan to be a liar. The cop saw him hit Halligan, too, and said nothing, being his friend. And Halligan enlisted in Company G with the rest of the boys and was keeled over in the dark one night on picket duty somewhere up country. All the gang went into Company G. The captain was one of the boys, and so was Pete Murphy, the big lieutenant. He was a sort of ward sub-boss, was Pete.

"Reilly, he's soured on me, Pete. I dunno wot's got the ole man."

The lights seemed to grow thick till everything was ablaze.

"Aw, come off! Dis ain't de Bowery," he muttered and started and rubbed his eyes.

The mist was cold and white all around him, ghostly and still, except that there was a low, continual mutter of voices above, and now and then a soft moan rose up from somewhere. And it seemed natural enough that a ghost should come creeping out of the ghostly mist, even that it should creep near to him and peer into his face, a ghost with a gray chin beard and haggard eyes.

"I'm going down," it whispered. "Come on. Don't make any noise."

"Hully gee!" thought Dinkey. "It's de pope!"

A number of things occurred to him in confusion. The deacon did not see he was hit. He said to himself:

"I ain't no call to spoil 'is luck, if he is country."

He blinked a moment, then nodded and whispered hoarsely, "Go on."

The deacon crept away into the mist. Dinkey leaned back feebly and closed his eyes.

"Wished I'd die quick. It's rotten luck. Wished I could see Pete."

The deacon crept down about 200 yards, then stopped and waited for the young man Cott. The night was closing in fast. A cry in the darkness made him shiver. He had never imagined anything could be so desolate and sad. He thought he had better see what was the matter with Dinkey. He never could make out afterward why it had seemed necessary to look after Dinkey. There were hundreds of better men on the slopes. Dinkey might have passed him. It did not seem very sensible business to go back after that worthless little limb of Satan. The deacon never thought the adventure a credit to his judgment.

But he went back, guiding himself by the darker gloom of the trees against the sky, and groped his way down the hollow and heard Dinkey muttering and babbling things without sense. It made the deacon mad to have to do with irresponsible people, such as go to sleep under the enemy's rifles and talk aloud in dreams. He pulled him roughly by the boots, and Dinkey fell over, babbling and muttering.

Then it came upon the deacon that it was not sleep, but fever. He guessed the young man was hit somewhere. They had better be going anyway. The Johnnies must have out a picket line somewhere. He slipped his hands under Dinkey and got up. He tried to climb out quietly, but fell against the bank. Some one took a shot at the noise and spattered the dirt under his nose. He lifted Dinkey higher and went on. Dinkey's mutterings ceased. He made no sound at all for awhile and at last said huskily:

"Wot's up?"

"It's me."

"Hully gee! Wot yer doin'?"

His voice was weak and thin now. He felt as if he were being pulled in two in the middle.

"Say, ole man, I won't jolly yer. Les' find Pete. There's a minnie ball messed up me stomick awful."

"Tain't far, Dinkey," said the deacon gently.

And he thought of Pete Murphy's red, fleshy face and black, oily mustache. It occurred to him that he had noticed that most men in Company G, if they fell into trouble, wanted to find Pete. He thought he should want to himself, though he could not tell why. If he happened to be killed anywhere, he thought he should like Pete Murphy to tell his wife about it.

Dinkey lay limp and heavy in his arms. The wet blackness seemed like something pressed against his face. He could not realize that he was walking, though in the night, down the same slope to a river called the Rappahannock and a town called Fredericksburg. It was strange business for him, Deacon Terrell of Brewster, to be in, stumbling down the battlefield in the pit darkness with a godless little brat like Dinkey Cott in his arms.

And yet why godless, if the same darkness is around us all, and the same light, while we live, will come to all in the morning? It was borne upon the deacon that there is no man elected to the salvation of the sun or condemned to the night apart from other men.

The deacon never could recall the details of his night's journey except that he fell down more than once and ran against stone walls in the dark, and, as for direction, he kept in mind that he was to go down hill. It seemed to him that he had gone through an unknown, supernatural country. Dinkey lay so quiet that he thought he might be dead, but he could not make up his mind to leave him. He wished he could find Pete Murphy. Pete would tell him if Dinkey was dead.

It was very well to remember to walk down hill, but there it was down hill in many directions, so uneven was the slope. He walked not one mile, but several, in the blind night. Dinkey had long been a limp weight. The last thing he said was "Les' find Pete," and that was long before.

At last the deacon saw a little glow in the darkness and, coming near, found a dying campfire with a few flames only flickering and beside it two men asleep. He might have heard the ripple of the Rappahannock; but, being so worn and dull in his mind, he laid Dinkey down by the fire and fell heavily to sleep himself before he knew it.

When he woke, Pete Murphy stood near him with a corporal and a guard. They were looking for the pieces of Company G. "Dead, ain't he?" said Pete.

The deacon got up and brushed his clothes. The two men who were sleeping woke also, and they all stood around looking at Dinkey in awkward silence.

"Who's his folks?"

"Him?" said the big lieutenant. "He ain't got any folks. Tell you what, ole man, I see a regiment drummer somewhere a minute ago. He'll do a roll over Dinkey jus' for luck, sure!"

They put Dinkey's coat over his face and buried him on the bank of the Rappahannock, and the drummer beat a roll over him. Then they sat down on the bank and waited for the next thing.

The troops were moving back now across the bridge. Company G had to take its turn. The deacon felt in his pockets and found the cough drops and Mrs. Terrell's scissors. So he took a cough drop and fell to trimming his beard.

Correspondence.

CLERMONT.

John Dolley, whom we mentioned on the sick list last week, had a paralytic stroke last week, but we are glad to learn that he is improving at this writing.

Miss Nellie Masser, teacher of Clermont school, visited her mother at Smethport on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Herman Dumjohn of Smethport was visiting friends and relatives in this place a few days last week.

Justice Steinhauer, Jack Dolley, Jacob Amend and son, Bernard, visited Smethport on Saturday last.

Those who attended the dance at the opera house last Friday night report having a good time.

L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was in town a few days last week transacting business.

Michael Hagle of St. Marys was seen on our streets one day last week.

F. Siegert of Kasson was seen on our street on Saturday last.

L. Koenig of Smethport was in town several days last week.

There are a number of cases of measles in this vicinity.

Very Low Rates to the Northwest.

March 1 to April 30, 1903, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell tickets to Montana, Idaho and North Pacific coast points at the following greatly reduced rates: From Chicago to Butte, Helena and Anaconda, $30; Spokane, $30.50; Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, $33. Choice of routes via Omaha or St. Paul.

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Attorneys

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

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E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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W. S. Hubbard,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Justice of the Peace. Room 4 City (P. O.) Building. OLEAN, N. Y.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS-AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 304 B.

Physicians

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, 12 Main Street, Smethport, Pa. Office hours till 10 A. M., 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph.G., M. D.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

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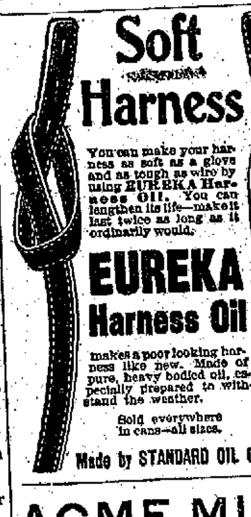

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Burtle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, G. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Verdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Robin, Oscar Engstroth.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—I. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
A. M. THAMM, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R. McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. ETTA HOGARTH, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
MISS S. A. STULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
J. H. LEWIS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m.. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days.......... 7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:33 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	11 51
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 200, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. B. & K. RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JAN. 18, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	25
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Bradford Leave	7.30	10.10	1.30	4 10	...
Kinzua Junc	8.05	10.45	2.05	4.45	...
Aiken	8.00	10.49	2 10	4.49	...
Davis	8.14	10.54	2.15	4 54	...
Simpson	8.20	11.00	2 21	5.00	...
Ormsby	8.30	11.10	2.30	5.10	...
Smethport Ar.	8.55	11.40	2.55	5.35	...
" Lv.	8.00	10.35	1.55	4 35	...
Mt. Jewett	9.00	11.40	3.00	5.40	...
Kane Ar.	9.35	12.15	3.35	6.15	...
" Lv.	9.45	...	3.45	...	...
Nansen	10.17	...	4.23	...	...
Sheffield June.	10.40	...	4.50	...	...
Marienville	11.30	...	5.35	...	...
Tylersburg	12.00	...	...	...	...
Lucinda	12.15	...	...	...	...
West Clarion	12.40	...	...	...	6.00
Clarion Junc	12 45	...	...	...	6.04
Shippenville	1.00	...	...	...	6.19
Knox	1.16	...	...	...	6.32
St. Petersburg	1.57	...	...	...	7.16
Foxburg	2.10	...	...	...	7.30
Parker	2.25	...	...	...	7.40
Petrolia	2.53	...	...	...	8 17
Chicora	3.10	...	...	...	8 25
Butler	4.00	...	...	...	9.20
Callery Junc	4.25	...	...	...	9.45
Allegheny Ar.	5.30	...	...	...	10.40
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Allegheny Lv.	...	...	...	7.30	3.20
Callery Junc	...	...	...	8 30	4.25
Butler	...	...	...	9.30	5 15
Chicora	...	...	...	10.10	5.54
Petrolia	...	...	...	10.28	6.18
Parker	...	...	...	10.55	6.40
Foxburg	...	...	...	11.15	7.00
St. Petersburg	...	...	...	11 30	7.15
Knox	...	...	...	12.15	8.00
Shippenville	...	...	...	12.32	8.10
Clarion Junc	...	...	...	12.45	8.30
West Clarion	...	...	...	12.48	8 33
Lucinda	...	...	...	1.15	...
Tylersburg	...	...	...	1 34	...
Marienville	...	8.10	...	2.15	...
Sheffield Junc	...	8 58	...	3.00	...
Nansen	...	9.23	...	3 25	...
Kane Ar.	...	9 55	...	3.57	...
" Lv.	7.25	10.05	1 25	4.05	...
Mt. Jewett	8 00	10.40	2 00	4 40	...
Ormsby	8 30	11.10	2.30	5.10	...
Smethport Ar.	8.55	11.40	2.55	5.35	...
" Lv.	8.00	10 35	1 55	4.85	...
Simpson	8.30	11.10	2.30	5.10	...
Davis	8 45	11.25	2 45	5.25	...
Aiken	8.50	11.30	2.50	5.00	...
Kinzua Junc	8.55	11.35	2.55	5.35	...
Bradford Ar.	9 30	12.05	3.25	6.05	...
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains 2 and 7 run daily between Bradford, Smethport and Kane. All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & [illegible]

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule [illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT [illegible]

a.m.	p.m.	p.m.		p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
5.00	1.40	8.10	Lv Mt Jewett ar	8.10	12.32	4.37
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.30	12.07	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.20	11.49	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	[illegible]	11.30	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	Comes	7.18	11.15	4.05
				7.10	11.10	4.00
5.45	2.30	8.55	Smethport	p. m.		
		9.14		7.15		
6.07	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.45
6.14	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.56	10.51	3.21
6.20	2.55	9.40	Larabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.19		North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
		AM			PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Ellbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
			Ar Dp			
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Kushequa Route.

In Effect May 20, 1901.

Leave Newton for Smethport, 8:25 a. m., 12:45 a. m., 5:25 p. m.

Arrive Smethport 8:47 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 7:17 p. m.

Leave Smethport for Mt. Jewett 7:55 a. m., 12 m. 4:55 p. m.

Arrive Mt. Jewett 8:05 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 7:1 p. m.

Leave Mt. Jewett for Smethport 8:05 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 6:08 p. m.

T. E. MOULTON, Supt.

D. F. PARISH, G. P. A.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."